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LONDON LIFE

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INCORPORATING THE TATLER

We feel there is room for improvement in the way London treats its tourists – whether they are from Devizes or Darjeeling. On page 6 there's a carefully considered view of this problem which should give land-ladies, taxi drivers and the ordinary Londoner something to think about. It is timely because this is going to be a great week for London with three massive sporting events, the Royal Tournament and a State Visit. It will be hard to move, in fact, without talking sport. Billy Wright is covering the World Cup series exclusively for *London Life;* the one White City game (Uruguay and France) is on Thursday and Mexico meets England at Wembley on Saturday, which should be excitable.

There's a full run-down on the Royal International Horse Show (page 16) and a revealing behind-the-scenes background on the RAC British Grand Prix at Brands Hatch.

WHAT'S IN LONDON LIFE

Peter Akehurst's cover picture, and his colour photographs inside, capture the freshness of summer fashions in a new dimension. See them on Page 27

Hermione Baddeley is appearing in The Killing of Sister George *at the St Martin's Theatre. How does she feel now about the London she loves? – Page 34*

When the British Grand Prix is over, filming will begin on Grand Prix, *which will star Antonio Sabato (above). All about the real race–Page 11*

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Guide to London's life

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PLUS! "THIS IS LONDON": London Life's Supplement, designed specially for the visitor to London

State visit

Flags will be flying on Tuesday to mark the state visit of King Hussein of Jordan and Princess Muna.

The Festival of the City of London continues with its ideal liaison of great music and great architecture – Berlioz in St Paul's, Purcell in St Stephen's Walbrook.

A ball in three parts happens on Friday, one part at the Painters' and Stainers' Hall, one part at the Little Ship Club and one part at the Monument Bonded warehouse. Called Great Balls of Fire, the event is to mark the tercentenary of the Great Fire.

Munnings sale

A 15-year-old Turkish girl, Filiz Basaran, is having a one-man show at the Turkish Tourism Office in Conduit Street. She regards the event with pleasure because her life was saved by three British surgeons who visited Turkey to demonstrate hole-in-the-heart operations. The Federation of British Artists is holding a centenary exhibition of the work of Ernest Briggs the Yorkshire painter, and Sotheby's has a sale including 11 works by the late Sir Alfred Munnings.

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INSIDE LONDON LIFE

John Stephen, the king of Carnaby Street, is giving up his attempt to expand his empire into the City. His branch at Old Bailey is running a closing-down sale, because, says Stephen's assistant buyer Michael Fish, "Business is too quiet down there." It has been open for 18 months.

Helga Zahn's jewellery is being given a special display at the Ewan Phillips Gallery for the next fortnight. Although Miss Zahn was born in Oberfranken, Germany, she studied at Leeds and the Central School of Art in London, and thus qualified to be Britain's sole representative at the Munich Fair this year. Most of her designs use

Cornish stones, set in silver, and she actually works at a studio in Hampstead, which gave her some extra qualification. However, she says herself: "I think the best place to work is America," and she is off there shortly, so next year Britain may have to remain unrepresented.

St James's Park ducks have a new luxury maternity ward. The Ministry of Works has erected a concrete hatching shed on Duck Island to help Mr Arthur May, the Park bird-keeper, in his efforts to breed young birds from eggs collected round the lake. Mr May has managed to rear as many as 100 in previous years, using an incubator in his own office, but hopes for 150 this year.

Dick Van Dyke is to make a film in London next year – one of 14 he has contracted to do since he gave up his TV series. The title: "The Great Japanese Train Robbery."

Bridget Riley, one of Britain's leading pop artists, now has two studios. One is her own attic in Fulham, the other on the ground floor of her parents' Holland Park house. Apparently she thinks in one and works in the other.

Richard Todd, at present playing in *An Ideal Husband* at the Strand, has sold his 35-room house at Shiplake and bought an estate in Oxfordshire. The Shiplake house used to belong to pianist Eileen Joyce.

Helen Shapiro, in the company of a group called The Stormsville Shakers, will introduce Moscow to the British beat revolution in August. A Russian restaurant manager has offered the Shakers a 10-day engagement beginning on 1 August, and Helen is going there for a fortnight.

Piccadilly has been enlivened lately by a larger-than-life photographic model of a belly-dancer called Delilah who is plying her trade at the Pigalle. Last week she acquired a large plaster patch on the midriff. Sudden modesty? "No," explained the doorman. "It's the only way to stop people writing on her."

The International book-jacket exhibition organised by *The Scotsman* has already attracted over 1,000 entries from all over the world. All entries must have been used for books published within the past year. After opening, of course, in Edinburgh for the Festival, the exhibition will move to the National Book League in Albemarle Street on 13 September.

Terry Cardinali, at 27, has become the West End's only female hotel manager. She has been appointed by Grand Metropolitan Hotels to their Pastoria in St Martin's Street, having already

managed their George Hotel in Edinburgh. Terry maintains that, although she is "slightly scared," a woman can run a hotel "just as well as a man, even better. A woman," she says, "shows more consistence and is more practical."

Frank Evans is to direct a cast of Oxford undergraduates in *The Changeling* at the Jeanetta Coch-

rane for a fortnight from 26 July. A 17th-century drama of horror, mayhem and lunacy, the play is being put on by a combination of OUDS and Oxford Experimental Theatre members. Apart from Evans, the other professionals concerned, also for free, will be designer Ian Knight and costume designer Nadine Baylis.

Sir Isaac Wolfson has taken over the presidency of the Kosher School Meals Service. Recently, the scheme has experienced a falling off of support from the Jewish community, and Sir Isaac's first task is to restore it to financial health.

Richard Temple's gallery in Yeoman's Row, started three years ago as London's first to specialise exclusively in icons, is approaching bursting point. "People are just beginning," he says, "to realise the value of investing

in icons. There is something so completely modern about them." Temple goes to the Balkans three times a year to buy stock to meet the clamouring demand, and is off again shortly with his wife Emma and, perhaps, one-year-old Lucy. The gallery was originally a window-cleaner's shop. Its stock now ranges from triptych-wings at £5 up to a 16th-century Russian icon in silver and precious stones, for £3,000.

Antony Hopkins, musician, broadcaster and determined non-smoker, has just been elected vice-president of the National Society of Non-Smokers.

The Civil Service Commission are looking for a Director of the National Army Museum, shortly to be moved from Sandhurst to the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. The job will pay at least £2,939 p.a. to a candiate over 35 with a degree, having served in the Forces. And the Commissioners do not necessarily rule out a woman.

A definition from a new set of Food regulations issued by the Ministry of Agriculture: "Fish means the edible portion of freshwater fish and of fish from the sea including edible molluscs and crustacea."

"The London Churchman," a diocesan magazine started in 1950, is to cease publication at the end of this year. It will be replaced by a single-sheet bulletin in London churches. It has been killed off by rising costs and decreasing circulation.

London Airport's planned inter-denominational underground chapel, announced last year, has run into difficulty. It was hoped to start building to Frederick Gibberd's designs this year, but no work on the 150-seat chapel will now start until the year-old appeal bucks up. It has so far raised not much over £5,000 out of a total estimate of £100,000.

Lady Denny, London's Lady Mayoress, has a packing problem. She is going to Chile in August, and then on to California for the Lord Mayor's official visit. Chile in August demands anoraks and woollens, while California will make anything more than cotton unbearable.

Brigitte Bardot's role in *The Prologue,* which she starts making in London next month – a top model whose speciality is the mini-skirt. Her co-star has just been chosen: Laurent Terzieff, whose last encounter with B was four years ago, when she turned him down for *La Verite* in favour of Sami Frey.

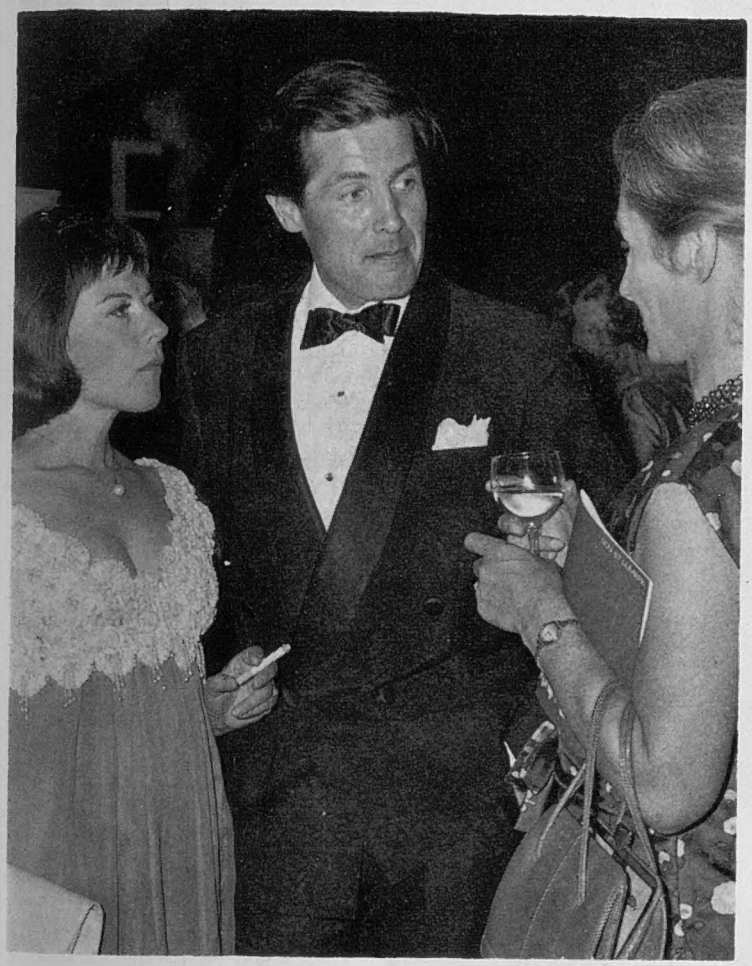
Syed Mohammed Nawa holds the world record for cycling round a circle 200 feet in diameter. His record is 151 hours, 28 minutes, non-stop, on a bicycle equipped with shaving lotion, food and

other necessities. He lives in India and has a property business in the Canary Islands, but he is now in London looking for someone to sponsor his performance in aid of charity.

Jean-Paul Belmondo, holidaying here last week and effectively disguised by a Pancho Villa moustache, spent some time wandering around Soho buying French magazines. Asked if he intended to film here, Belmondo said: "Oui. But my English est très malade, non?"

Peter Owen, having successfully published over a million words of *Miss Macintosh, my Darling,* is now working on a mere 250,000-word novel, *Time of Parting.* By a Bulgarian, Anton Donchev, it will be, says Owen without much fear of contradiction, "the first Bulgarian novel to appear in English for many years." Owen, with his novelist wife Wendy, has been invited to visit Hungary and Rumania this summer, and hopes to come back with more new titles.

PARTY TIME



ABOVE: Dorothy Tutin was among 300 guests who attended the opening night champagne reception of the *Son et Lumiere* season at Hampton Court Palace. With Miss Tutin, whose voice is heard as Anne Boleyn, are Mr Derek Waring and Mrs Christopher Ede.

RIGHT: Radio London racing driver Keith St John, still using sticks after his bad crash at Brands Hatch, gets champagne at the opening party of the Starting Grid Club in Bayswater.
BELOW LEFT: Stirling Moss with Jackie Smith, a Mini racing driver.

ABOVE: At the opening of the Cabana do Pesscador at Hammersmith – Tony Barwick receives a tit-bit from Dina Bailey.

RIGHT: Among many show business personalities at the opening of London's first Bangers restaurant was Anita Harris. Here she samples the menu.

ARE

The hunt for bargains is one of the main reasons why many of our two million foreign visitors come to London each year. For most, it is their first taste of the city which has been so often labelled "swinging." Does London, in fact, give this impression to the visitor? Does London give him a friendly welcome? What, apart from cheap goods and services, makes London so attractive to the tourist? KARIN HART looks for the answers.

WHAT is it like to be a tourist in London? That may be difficult for a native to imagine. It's a special mood of pure awareness – and total *un*awareness, quite unlike the half-and-half variety that conditions native Londoners to the familiar business of the day.

For one thing, it's thinking a foggy wet day is how it *should* be. It's adjusting your mental arithmetic to 12's and 20's instead of 10's. It's wandering through what should have been Soho, and coming out on the banks of the Thames. It's automatically looking left when you step off a kerb and hearing the screech of brakes behind you. It's the constant revelation that Englishmen are just people like you. Only different.

In short, it's every bit as unfamiliar, romantic, confusing and awesome as that first float down the Grand Canal or dusty climb up the Acropolis.

In round numbers, London welcomes over two million foreign visitors a year. Take a cross-section of 50 or so of these, and you'll probably find you have 20 Americans, 10 Frenchmen, and six or seven Germans; the rest of the group will consist of three Dutchmen, two Belgians, two Italians, two Swedes, a South African, a Swiss, a Dane – then half of a Norwegian and half of a Spaniard.

Whether the tourists are efficient student groups, families, friends travelling together, or the effortless lone-wayfaring variety, they seem to visit

Not all visitors wander about London camera-laden. But those that do can be easily identified as tourists, like these – pictured by John Benton Harris – trying out the latest in Transatlantic equipment.

TOURISTS CHEATED?

London with one recurrent theme in mind: a preconceived notion of pomp, ritual, and pageantry. They find it, too – because for some, "seeing London" is a strict, beticketed *tour-de-force* that ushers them through a Parliamentary debate, past the Changing of the Guard, in and out of the British Museum, up and down the Post Office Tower, round the remnants of the London Wall, and out on to Tower Bridge – in time to deposit them back at their hotel with 15 minutes to spare before Danny La Rue's.

The more resourceful variety seems to spend less, learn more, and stay longer. He can be differentiated from his bus-bound counterparts by the way he has of *walking* where he's going, of seeing what's *between* here and there. Though not holiday-garbed, and not always camera-laden, he still consults maps unabashedly.

A few sights, like the Tower of London, the British Museum, Madame Tussaud's, and Parliament, are "musts" on any tourist's list. But apart from these, other much-publicised phenomena have recently provided stiff competition for "the standards." Carnaby Street now draws masses of tourists, who come to ogle and point – "but not necessarily to buy," complains one shopkeeper. King's Road, Chelsea, on a Saturday afternoon has become a latter-day Washington Square, and erstwhile "in" bistros like the Hungry Horse are now peopled with visiting carriage trade.

A visitor to London from Switzerland commented: "It has all changed so much. I came to London twice when I was a university student. By now, I've travelled quite a bit, and I don't like what's happening to London. Much of it reminds me now of some place like Miami Beach in America. We've all seen all of that before. London used to be so dignified."

In spite of (or perhaps because of) all the guide books and write-ups he's seen, each tourist seems to have his own impression of what should be there. ("But I'm saying there *is* no Frith Square, luv," or 'Yes, my good fellow, but she only wears that at Trooping the Colour.")

Tourists in London are in search of other things besides the sights. First and foremost, a bargain. Of all European capitals, London is considered the low-cost corner of the Continent. Even the Hiltons and Savoys of the city (where a double with bath is 10 guineas or more) are deemed reasonably priced compared to their equivalents in Paris or Rome. Certainly the low-cost hotels (these being the Sussex Gardens, Russell Square bed-and-breakfast establishments, where a day's keep is a little more than a pound) are considered a bargain-hunter's delight.

Mealtimes are decidedly "on the cheap" for most tourists – who are still thinking in terms of 2.50 francs for coffee-and-croissant in Parisian cafés. Pub-fare seems to be a source of recurrent wonder to visitors: "Two-and-four for a whole pint of beer? But that's only 32 cents!"

How do our tourists handle their money? Most foreigners change travellers' cheques or foreign cash *before* coming to London from abroad, or *en route* – that is, the purser's cabin while bound for Folkestone. Once they reach London, money-changing is reportedly little problem at all – agents like American Express and banks with a foreign cashier accept travellers' cheques on presentation of a passport. Foreign currency is another matter, and can raise problems if it's not presented in large notes.

Included in the bargain-hunt are souvenirs. Visitors regard British products, like Harris tweeds or Prinknash pottery, as memento enough of their sojourn – more so than in other countries, even Paris, where the national product comes too dear for the average tourist.

When tourists don't want to return home draped in tartan or telling time by the face of a Union Jack clock, they very often head for the curio-corners. The purlieux of the Portobello Road and Petticoat Lane are world-renowned, and a taste for the "with-it" cult for which London's name has recently been taken much in vain leads many tourists to go home far happier with a set of genuine Territorial Army buttons.

Pounds, shillings, and pence are confusing for new arrivals, and many tourists lapse into haphazard guesswork when it comes to estimating tips. Two incidents demonstrate the poles of the honest reaction: one visitor mistakenly over-tipped a taxi-driver and had his money thrown back at him. It landed at his feet on the kerb, and the taxi drove off. Another pair of students described the opposite reaction: "We took a taxi from Waterloo to Piccadilly, and paid five shillings and sixpence. Then the only change we had left was pennies and a two-and-six piece, so we gave him the two-and-six. He started to laugh, but then he got out and came around to the sidewalk – and right there in front of the hotel with the doormen waiting and taxis lined up behind, he gave us our first lesson in English money. . . . I never forgot it, either."

Permeating the considerations of seeing and spending, visitors to London are faced with one other major complication – getting along with Londoners. Like the problems of communication met in any other foreign milieu, a language barrier exists – and the fact that today English is more commonly spoken than any other language in the world does not always seem to solve these problems.

Generally speaking Londoners are considered helpful. Internationally, they have a reputation for tolerance – but no more than that, except in isolated circumstances: "Neither the warmth of the Danes, the sympathy of the Greeks, or the passions of the Italians . . . but then not the petulance of the Parisians either," said one seasoned traveller. "They're very fair," said another tourist. "The British are *never* trying to rook you – you can count on that."

What is called the Briton's "reserve" accounts for many foreigners' impressions of a lack of warmth. One perceptive guest expressed it this way: "England is a country where class distinction has been a way-of-life longer than in most countries. And it's clung later, too. Tradition is tenacious, and so is the discrimination that goes with it. This is why Englishmen can seem standoffish, prejudiced if you will: because they have distinct and complex systems of values. It's the same reason they're often totally unaware of being cool to outsiders – and do so quite unintentionally."

The truly inhospitable incidents seem to be attributable to ignorance, as when in one of the lowliest of Sussex Gardens boarding houses an Indian tourist with an Anglo-Saxon surname called ahead to reserve a room, then arrived minutes later to be told the room had gone. A newly arrived American entering a Tube station asked for a ticket to Wimbledon; when the clerk said "Ten shillings," he expressed amazement. "That much?" said he. "If you'd been born in this country, you'd have known it was one-and-four," said the clerk in a surly tone.

A French girl said: "One day I spent a whole afternoon walking. I started from Knightsbridge, and went through Hyde Park and along the Serpentine, then along Park Lane and Oxford Street and back along Piccadilly and through St James's Park. I wanted to see everything, and I didn't know anyone, so I was alone. I wanted to be alone . . . to get used to it all. "In that whole time, not one person spoke to me, or stopped me. You know, that would never happen in Paris. I hate to walk through the Tuileries, even in the middle of the day. But here, people leave you alone. They have . . . what do you say? . . . respect?"

On the opposite side of the coin, though, many tourists make friends. One woman and her daughter happened to inquire about the identity of a certain building in the City – for the rest of the day they found themselves provided with a most amiable elderly banker as personal guide.

On the whole, it would seem that the tourist in London enjoys an enviable atmosphere of laissez-faire – perhaps the reason, numbers have been doubling and trebling in the last 10 years, all to the good of the pound.

THE motor-car is boss; it has taken over and grown to assume superiority. What we feared has happened – this machine no longer lives with us, but we with it. And we must mould our existence accordingly. . . .

All very Orwellian but nevertheless true. This fact hits you on turning the pages of the London Traffic Survey published this week. It is the most unedifying glimpse yet seen of London's traffic problems in the future yet seen. In 240 pages of computerised information it tells of driving in London in 1981. Of how:

For every three vehicles crossing the Thames at present, no fewer than 10 will do so in the 1980s. . . .

Car ownership will double – the total number of cars based in households is expected to increase by 97 per cent. to 2,465,000. And goods vehicles by 70 per cent. . . .

Many more commuters – 63 per cent. – will be rushing in to work in Central London from outside. And 83 per cent. more will come in to other parts of the city. . . .

Public transport must be improved to cope with the increased internal travelling . . . and London Transport will suffer a drop in passengers with bigger car ownership. . . .

The biggest

These are the most striking facts to emerge from this report, which is Phase II of a three-part survey forecasting travel. Packed with graphs, tables and diagrams, it took two years to compile, and is the biggest survey of its kind ever made anywhere in the world.

The survey was the idea of former Tory Transport Minister, Mr Ernest Marples. It is the work of a British consulting engineering firm, Freeman, Fox and Partners, working in conjunction with American company Wilbur Smith and Associates. Phase I was published two years ago presenting the facts of present-day travel within an area of 950 square miles – London inside the Green Belt.

And the Greater London Council, who are using the report as a scientific basis for planning the city's future road network, will publish the third phase, a transportation study, within two years.

So the motor-car has cost us dear – £600,000 for the report alone. This is being met two-thirds of which by the Ministry of Transport and the GLC the remainder. The mass of somewhat mind-blurring figures come to us in the usual close-knit officialese. And although the report makes few recommendations it seems to whisper of impending traffic catastrophe.

For example, most of it is based on assumptions – a hope even, that the planned necessary road-building will be completed by 1981.

"This assumes that during the 1970s the rate of investment in road-building will be substantially increased, so that by 1981 there will be a system of nearly 450 miles of 'high-class' roads, many of them up to motorway standards."

It also assumes, ". . . Suburban bus services will decline in proportion to the local increase in car ownership," and that "there will be an increase of 50 per cent. in parking spaces in Central London (viz, from 120,000 to 180,000, involving less kerbside parking, but far more off-street facilities), and that no constraints will be operated outside the central area."

The problem

If, however, these things do not happen, the figures mentioned will become inaccurate – and the problem of traffic much worse. It says, in effect, that prospective governments must push ahead with pre-planned road projects and the new Victoria and Fleet Underground Lines, and that British Railways "will have made small but significant increases in the capacity of their suburban network and in addition will have increased their capacity to bring people from outside the Survey Area into the centre of London."

The report realises that it is entirely due to the increase of road transport that all our services must be completely re-orientated. It notes, happily, that the new motorway box – a road designed to ring London and linked to the three existing motorways, M1, M4 and M2 – has not been dropped despite complaints from local people.

Perhaps the two greatest headaches for planners at the moment are traffic flow and parking. In Phase I of the report Park Lane was mentioned as carrying more traffic than any other road in London. There are many roads with enormously high volumes of traffic. And although subtleties like the Knightsbridge underpass, one-way systems and no-entry innovations alleviate the problem, the fact remains that so-called "solutions" quickly become out-dated. (Look at the Knightsbridge end of the underpass.)

A polish up, therefore, isn't good enough. A more drastic policy must be adopted to cope with extra traffic demand. And when working out demand so many factors have to be considered – population, employment, household income and so on.

"If travel seems quick, convenient and comfortable," says the report, "and there are no drastic increases in its relative cost, then certain trips may be made more frequently, and other trips may be made which would not have been attractive enough under other conditions.

"On the other hand, if conditions are unfavourable (for example if the road system is congested), this 'optional fringe' of trips will not be made: people may either decide to stay at home or they may combine the optional trips with other trips which they cannot avoid making.

"Thus a 'chicken and egg' situation is created. Travel demand depends on social and economic factors and on the attractiveness of the transport system, but to some extent the attractiveness of the transport system depends on travel demand."

It sounds complicated, and is. But planners need to examine every cause, effect, why and wherefore and every influence imaginable.

The questions

Field-work carried out included home interviews with 50,000 householders, and roadside questioning (remember that time you were stopped and asked all sorts of things?) of 100,000 drivers. It is desperately important to discover why people drive, go by tube or take a bus.

This was the energetic advice given in the famous Buchanan Report. And now planners are attacking reason with more relish in order to find out exactly what goes into traffic movement. Quite often in the back of people's minds is the fear that congestion will force the government one day to ban private cars all over the place. After all, it has been suggested by some political extremists from time to time. The Survey, not unaware of this, goes on to say: "Possession of a car is in present circumstances becoming an attainable aspiration for most households and the enlargement of family horizons it gives is highly prized."

However, it warns: "But this trend has profound effects on the physical and economic structure of a large city; in particular the environment of both the city and suburban centres may suffer and these areas may be impaired as places for the conduct of affairs."

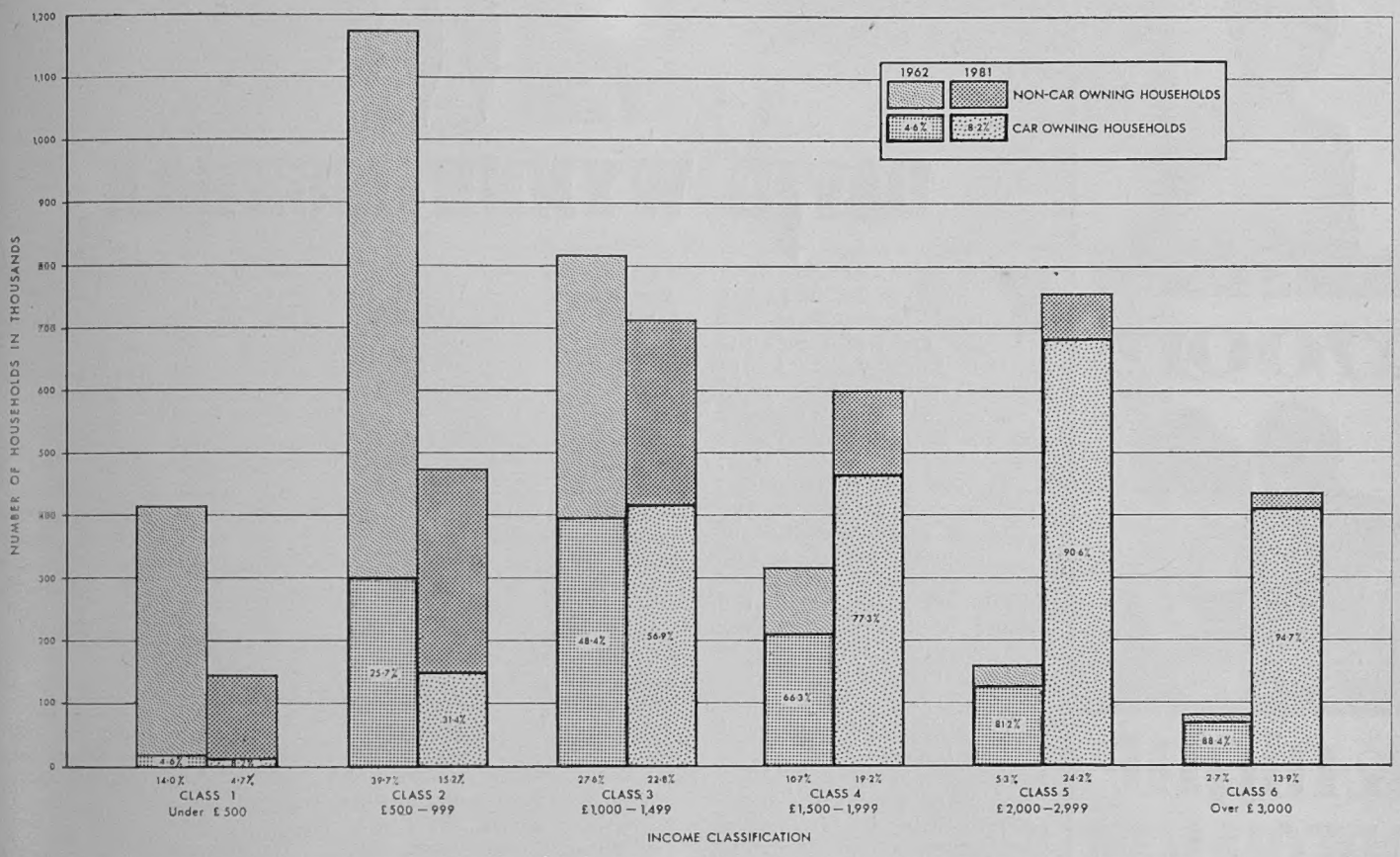
Which leads us to parking – or, rather, the lack of it.

Estimating that all internal trips (those on personal business, shopping, trips to and from school and social calls) will go up by about half the present number, the report assumes (and we hope) that parking facilities by 1981 will increase relatively.

In figures this means that the assumed number of parking spaces in Central London

For every 3 cars crossing the Thames today, there will be 10 . . . car ownership will double . . . and there will be 63 per cent. more commuters. MICHAEL VESTEY reports on part two of the London Traffic Survey, which is published this week.

12-4 Car ownership by household income class : 1962-1981

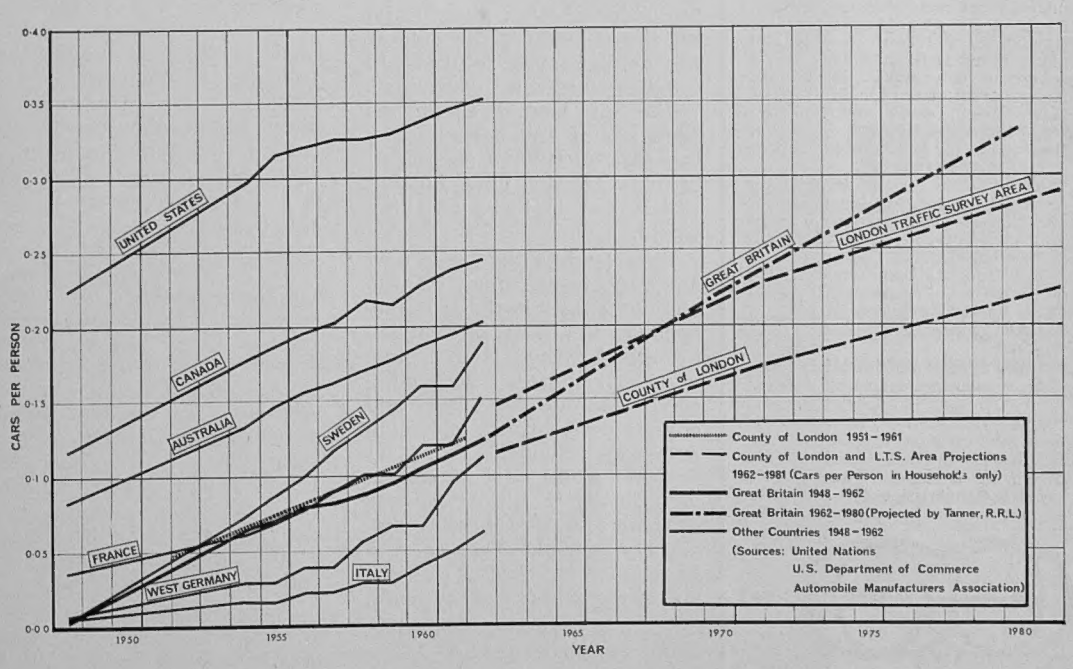


These two diagrams from the report show the expected rise in car ownership. The one above illustrates this in income groups and the graph on the right deals with cars per person.

will be about 180,000 by 1981. Mentioned, too, is the "anticipated decrease" in kerb parking facilities and a "substantial increase" in off-street parking.

If affluence is to bring more cars on the roads and road-building and parking is improved to meet the upsurge, what will happen to London's buses and to British Rail? The report suggests journeys by bus and train will decrease, and recommends: "The form which provides the right degree of accessibility to the Central Area . . . must be found in a partnership of private and public transport." But the report, although undoubtedly a masterpiece of research showing how far the motor-car has taken over, does not tell us how this partnership is to be achieved. It accentuates the problems without giving us many answers.

12-1 Car ownership trends and forecasts – London, Great Britain and selected countries



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DAVID WYNNE-MORGAN

FOR most of the 20th century, England has been regarded as the last great haven of the amateur. The very word professional had a taint to it. However, through the 1950s and 60s the wind of change swept through the land. Gentlemen were abandoned in favour of players in the world of sport, directors of big business began to be chosen on merit instead of school or birth, and the arrival of the new Labour Government in 1964 was seen as the seal on our new meritocrat society.

In the heat and excitement of the moment, the Prime Minister's act in appointing *The Times* Defence Correspondent to be the Minister of Disarmament, and Mr Frank Cousins, at that time not even a Member of Parliament, to be the Minister of Technology, was overlooked.

Set the trend

Perhaps it was the Prime Minister who, unconsciously, set the trend, for the cult of the amateur has returned to London with a vengeance. While all around them has been gloom and despondency the amateurs have succeeded in making the new London which has intrigued the world.

The leaders of the new amateur team must be the obvious ones who have spearheaded the attack. Patrick Campbell, the stammering, lovable Irish peer who has become one of the few real entertainers on our television screens, "Boofie," better known as the Earl of Arran, who revels in his newspaper column and TV appearances, and 16-year-old Twiggy who became a top model straight out of the school hockey team.

That is only the beginning. They are all round us.

The man behind Annabels, the discothèque restaurant club in Berkeley Square, is Mark Birley, son of the late Sir Oswald Birley, the Royal portrait painter, who was previously in advertising. Sibylla's the new In place is in the hands of a variety of amateurs including amateur jockey Sir William Pigott-Brown.

Felicity Bosanquet, the jewellery designer, took it up in her spare time from her job as a public relations executive, while another PRO, Leslie Frewin, has become one of the most successful publishers in London. Photographer Barry Lategan was until recently a civil servant, while professional photographer Terence Donovan has had a great success recently as a shopkeeper. The cry of "All change" continues. Another civil servant, John Le Carré, became one of the world's most sought-after authors with only his second book, *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold*. Probably the most successful fashion boutique in London, Biba in Kensington, was started by fashion artist Barbara Hulanicki and advertising executive Stephen Fitzsimmon, while top pop-group leader Spencer Davis was a schoolteacher.

So, if there is any millionaire industrialist who wants to swap jobs with me, he has only to let me know.

Constant escort

One of London's most socially conscious publishers, George Weidenfeld, and 38-year-old Mrs Sandra Meyer, niece of the millionaire former ambassador to London Mr John Hay "Jock" Whitney, and a member of one of the richest families in the United States, are much seen together.

Forty-six-year-old Mr. Weidenfeld, who has been married twice before, is in fact the constant escort of Mrs Meyer, who has just moved into a house in Chelsea with her three children.

During the past three years there have been frequent rumours of Mr Weidenfeld's imminent marriage to other people he has escorted, all of which proved to be unfounded. This time he has only himself to blame. For although he has maintained a stubborn silence here in London about any marriage plans, he mentioned them to friends while he was on a recent visit to New York.

Baseball

Mr Weidenfeld is one of London's most enthusiastic party-givers. Mrs Meyer's mother is one of the most redoubtable figures in New York, being the owner of the world-famous baseball team the New York Mets. Perhaps Mr Weidenfeld is just going to publish a book on baseball.

Also interesting is the return to modelling of Baroness Thyssen, formerly top model Fiona Campbell-Walter. She was quoted only this week as saying that she had done a recent set of fashion pictures only as a favour to a fashion photographer who was a great personal friend. I wonder what she is going to say when the pictures of her in the new Paris collections appear in *Vogue*. Whatever the reason, welcome back.

One of the most unpleasant American imports came my way this week. It is called a Sleep-mate and has been specially designed to cater for the care-worn American business executive who suffers from insomnia. When switched on the machine emits a high-pitched hum which is supposed to shut out the noise of the traffic while sending you gently into a deep sleep. There must be something wrong with me. It kept me awake for hours.

PENNY'S BACK

. . . well what else could we say about a picture like this? The girl is called Penny and this is her back. A most delightful back you must admit. You will have to take our word for it that the front view is equally enchanting. The girl is Penny Riley, an actress with a part in a new film called *Maroc 7* with Gene Barry. We spotted her back at a party. You will have to go and see the film if you want to

GET TO KNOW
MEXICO

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WHERE GIANTS WILL CONTEND

FIVE seconds before 2.45 pm on Saturday, 16 July, a small Union Jack flag will be held aloft. A brief countdown, five-four-three-two-one, the flag will snap down and well over 6,000 brake horse-power from 20 engines will be screaming for grip on the Brands Hatch surface. The 1966 British Grand Prix will have started.

As the cars leap towards that first corner, Paddock Bend, recognised as the most dangerous on the course, the drivers will be fighting for calmness amid that vast crescendo of noise, striving for absolute concentration and mastery over their machines. Knowing that one fractional error can destroy months of painstaking preparation in a brief and violent accident.

The Formula 1 drivers are the *élite* of the racing world. They drive cars which are so light and so powerful the average motorist would imagine he was driving a powerful sports car over sheet ice. They are the last of the truly individual sportsmen who have the courage to push themselves and cars to the very limits and beyond – not once but hundreds of times during a race.

Colourful

On Saturday at Brands Hatch the colourful personalities which stamp the drivers apart from their fellow men will be sublimated to coaxing every last ounce of performance from their cars over 80 laps of the twisting 2.65-mile circuit known throughout the racing world as a driver's course, a place that does definitely sort out the men from the boys.

Although the drivers would swear to a man they are far too busy to experience anything so trivial as emotion, their wives and girl friends will tell a different story. For the girls who sit in the pits keeping lap charts, like Mrs John Surtees, or for others like Graham Hill's wife, Betty, and Jim Clark's friend, Sally Stokes, who watched last year's Grand Prix from a grandstand, the whole of the 212-mile race is one agonising nervous strain. They, more than most spectators, appreciate the razor edge between success and disaster. The wives and girl-friends are the only people who really know what passes through a driver's mind as he slips down into that narrow cockpit and prepares to do battle for World Championship honours.

Awesome task

The preparation for Saturday's Championship battle is an awesome task which began in March of last year when the Competitions Department of the Royal Automobile Club fixed the date and decided on Brands Hatch as the venue. Since then, preparations have gradually snowballed from weeks of gentle considerations to urgent, last-minute days of vital decisions.

Motor racing today is big business. It is a highly professional and scientific undertaking. But it hasn't always been so.

Undeniably, the amateur influence is one of the best things about racing in this country; but there comes a time when enthusiasm alone is not enough. When that happens – enter the professionals. Among these are, of course, the men of the Competitions Department of the RAC, headed by the secretary, Mr Dean Delamont. At Brands Hatch it is the man they call Mr Motor Racing, John Webb, a 35-year-old former racing driver who is managing director of Motor Circuit Development Ltd which runs Brands, Snetterton, Mallory Park and Oulton Park. This company is itself a subsidiary of Grovewood Securities, the chairman of which is Mr. John Danny, whose business foresight has helped to make motor racing what it is today.

John Webb is a small, dark-haired man who lives with his wife, Helen, and his three daughters in the nearby village of Wrotham.

His local pub is the Bull at Wrotham and many of his friends, the drivers, follow his good taste by moving in there during practice and race days.

On the empty starting grid at Brands Hatch (right) stands John Webb, as his 16-month count-down to the British Grand Prix nears its completion. On Saturday, 16 July, the roar of 6,000 horsepower will herald the beginning of a battle of the world's top drivers, and the most powerful cars ever assembled for a World Championship race in Britain. Report by JOHN VINER.

When John Webb came to the circuit in 1961, it was being used for races about six times a year. With a dynamism few people suspect he has boosted its utilisation until somebody is driving something on the track for 340 days of the year.

Although a great deal of serious testing of racing cars goes on at Brands, there are some lighter moments. John Webb tells me: "BRM's were down here recently with their new 16-cylinder engine and they decided from the crowd appeal angle the exhaust note was a little unsatisfying. So they decided to tune the exhaust pipes to give a much louder note."

Deadpan reply

Reassured that at least the BRM people know what makes a lot of folk go racing, I could not resist asking Lotus cars (who are using two BRM engines) if they would tune for noise. "No," came the deadpan reply, "we think our engines sound quite satisfying."

John Webb is so convinced that an expert dose of professionalism is what is required to boost race attendances in this country that his company have splashed out £25,000 on improvements. Improvements which cover a mile of new road, laid in 14 days, grandstands to seat 12,500 fans, extra parking for 20,000 more cars and even a retired fire engine and a sand pit for the very junior fans.

In the event of a crash at the Grand Prix – and no right-minded organiser would deny the possibility – a veritable panel of doctors will be on call, plus a casualty clinic. A helicopter will be standing by to fly any injured drivers to one of three nearby hospitals. Webb, himself, has survived two terrifying moments when his car's steering failed at Brands.

Although a crowd of 60,000 is expected to admire the flowers and the turf, there will be some special guests. John Webb has hired a Pullman train to bring some and a major fuel company is hoping

If the sheik does arrive he will have an escort to and from the track, plus his own individual grandstand, where he will sit in splendid isolation seeing the end product of his native land going up in so many fumes.

Picking favourites in motor racing is more difficult than the horses. There are just too many outside influences, but the choice must lie between Jimmy Clark, Graham Hill, John Surtees, Jack Brabham and Jackie Stewart.

Starting and prize money at this year's British Grand Prix will total a record £27,000. A team like Lotus can expect £2,800 for starting two cars, about half that amount going to the drivers. For the eventual winner the prize is £1,000, a cup and the vital nine points towards the Championship. Incidentally, for anyone thinking of buying a racing car, Lotus value their projectiles at £17,500 each, and BRM say their engines sell for £7,000 each.

And if Mr John Webb is worried about all that money circulating at speeds up to 155 mph he doesn't show it, though he and the RAC have taken out an insurance policy for £1 million against any one claim.

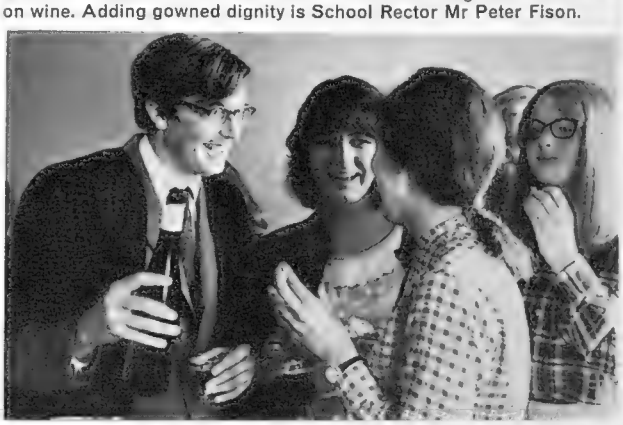
Entertainment

Once the gates open at 6.30 am and the traffic pours in from London via the newly opened Swanley by-pass, there will be enough entertainment to keep everyone amused. A display by the RAF Red Arrows, a mass parachute descent by the Army and a lap of honour by Mr Antonio Sabato, not a driver but an actor appearing in MGM's new film, *Grand Prix*. The film company will be filming their man waving to the crowds half an hour before the big race. They only hope the crowd will wave back.

Whatever the filmic interpretation, the return of power in the first appearance of the 3-litre cars in this country in a Championship event will provide a sight and sound as

THE A-LEVEL GIRLS TAKE A WINE-BREAK

Above: Classroom scene. Mr David Curtis-Bennett gives a lesson . . . on wine. Adding gowned dignity is School Rector Mr Peter Fison.



Above: Master and pupils. Mr Geoffrey Phillips, Director of Studies, Claire Dickinson (*spotted dress*) and Connor Lindsay (*with watch*).

Above: David Curtis-Bennett (*left*) and the Hon Jonathan Guinness, with Mrs Guinness.
Left: There's no doubt Faith McInnis, of Texas, enjoyed the tasting.

It was a somewhat unusual occasion for a girls' school. The other Sunday, during the week they were taking A-levels, pupils of Padworth College (a private sixth-form school for girls aged 16 to 19), near Reading, were given a wine-tasting session in one of their classrooms.

The School Rector, Mr Peter Fison, invited down Mr David Curtis-Bennett, managing director of the City wine firm of Kenneth Abbott Ltd, to talk to the girls about wine and its history and to let them taste a variety of white wines. The event went with a swing, to say the least. Both staff and pupils entered the spirit of the occasion with zest.

One of the girls, 17-year-old Connor Lindsay, who is the half-sister of Penelope Gilliatt, the critic and wife of John Osborne, commented: "A marvellous idea. Wine stimulates

he imagination. I'm sure this will help with our oral French xams." Said another: "It's giving me an urge to belly dance."

Mr Geoffrey Phillips, the girls' director of studies, explained: One doesn't forget they are in the middle of exams. But this rovides an ideal break and at the same time it's instructive."

Weekend guests at the school were author Colin Wilson, is wife and two young children. Somehow, unnoticed, Mr Vilson's ten-month-old son, John Damon, got into the tasting nd was discovered sitting on the floor among the wine cases asting the corks.

Others at the tasting were Lady Jennifer Bernard, the chool's social organiser, and the Hon Jonathan Guinness, ne of its financial directors.

Story by PETER SENN. Pictures by PHILIP O. STEARNS.

Above: David Curtis-Bennett talks to Lady Jennifer Bernard. In the centre is Texan pupil, Faith McInnis.
Below: Starting early. Colin Wilson's baby son conducts his own tasting.

Burberrys take a modern look at tradition

A modern store that believes in its old-established tradition of quality—that's Burberrys in London's Haymarket. This store is the home of the famous 'Burberry' so, naturally enough, you will find here the world's most comprehensive range of Burberry rainwear—but that's not all! Whether you seek classic knitwear, cashmeres, tailoring in the finest British woollen cloths, weekend, town or country wear, you'll find them all at Burberrys. The theme for both men and women is quality plus a sense of style. So, a visit to the store that offers all that's best in British clothing is a must on your itinerary. Burberrys in the Haymarket, London, S.W.1.—just around the corner from Piccadilly Circus.

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THE QUEEN'S AWARD TO INDUSTRY 1966

The horse that sailed 13,000 miles

The Royal International Horse Show, a major event of the British sporting year, usually draws horsemen from all over the world. This year, special conditions reduce the Show's international flavour. But interest is still keen – one example being Australian John White and his horse Charleston, who sailed 13,000 miles to ride in England. KARIN HART reports on the week ahead at White City

The British Horse Society starts its face-lift at the White City Stadium 24 hours before the 1966 programme of the Royal International Horse Show begins. Practice rings will be laid, the water-jump dug, obstacles set on the course, and the arena dressed in the customary panoply of flowers and banners for the show's opening on Sunday, 17 July.

On the basis of past international participation, the Society could originally predict an unprecedented high in the number of international entries. Last year, Italy, Spain, Australia, Holland, Germany and Ireland sent teams to represent their countries – this year France and Germany might have been expected.

But . . . the best laid plans of men and horses, etc etc: the swamp fever epidemic among French race horses has had far-reaching effects. The Ministry of Agriculture has issued no licences over the past few weeks for the importation of horses, French or otherwise, and even British horses are staying home these days. The result: Continental entries are completely out of the running at the White City this week. Overseas entries consist solely of the few horsemen already in the country from Canada, South Africa, and Australia. Horses from Ireland, too, will be able to compete with British riders; the Irish will be sending two teams, one military, one civilian.

In effect, this year's competitions boil down to what Col Mike Ansell, head of the British Horse Society, calls "purely domestic rivalries." But in the same breath, he predicts that the Show will still retain all the excitement of full-scale international competition: "Circumstances turn the RIHS into what is virtually the first 'countdown' for England's next Olympic team."

Competition from the Irish participants will be strong, especially in individual championships; but the real tension will be sparked by the arrangements for British team entries. This year, three British teams will be fielded: a team of veterans, who will be riders over 30, another team of riders between 21 and 30, and finally a team of young sters, 21 or under. Each team will consist of four riders and a *"chef d'équipe."* Reportedly the unspoken question the arrangements raise is: Can youth beat experience?

On a personal note, one young rider among the hundreds to compete tells a tale that demonstrates the pain some international riders take to get to meets like the RIHS. He is 26-year-old John White, for the past two years South Australia's leading show jumper, and one of the few overseas entries at this year's show.

Current champion

John is predicted to add a spectacular performance to the show. He has been officially approved by the Equestrian Federation of Australia to ride as the only Australian entry. His horse, Charleston, stands 16.3 hands and is an outstanding puissance horse by any standards. Charleston is the current six-bars champion in Australia and is generally a prolific prizewinner. But the story of John and Charleston's 13,000-mile, six-week voyage to get here bears better witness to the twosome's stamina – a test of endurance that

would try the most seasoned traveller, and should reduce something like a grassy-hedged obstacle course to a piece of cake.

John and Charleston left Melbourne on 31 March aboard an ocean-going coastal ship bound for Wellington, North Island, New Zealand.

The two voyagers spent a week on a farm near Wellington, where Charleston had room to "unkink." Then they embarked on an inter-island ferry bound for Christchurch, South Island. After a short overnight crossing, the two disembarked again, this time for a four-day stopover. Then came the last leg of the journey – and the longest. John and Charleston booked on to the *Cumberland* at Christchurch. There on the quayside, John was forced to merely stand by, while Charleston was crated and lifted on board by crane – the operator of which proved to be a trainee driver. Says John: "It was a hair-raising ride, something like Swinging Chairs and the Big Dipper." But he arrived unscathed down the 60-foot cargo well.

Pacific crossing

They sailed from South Island on 21 April. The 18-day Pacific crossing was belaboured by 30-foot swells; the ship tossed so violently that at first Charleston had to stay below. When rough-sailing finally subsided, slippery decks made walking still a hazard. John tied bran-bags round Charleston's hooves for safety, but even then tours of the deck were beset by obstacles: "Winches, ropes, loading cranes – the toughest course *I've* ever seen," quips John.

"When we reached Panama," he continues, "it was so hot, Tom (that's Charleston) was in a lather the whole way. He'd started to get his winter coat – don't forget, it's winter down-under now – and he had to be hosed down constantly; but at least it was fresh-water for a change. Till then, we'd had only salt-water to scrub-down with."

Finally the *Cumberland* reached Hull on 24 May. John proposes to remain in England for six months, doing a circuit of forthcoming international shows from London to Dublin. With such evidence of excellence, he may well be a rider to watch.

John White with Charleston, the only Australian horse to compete in the Show.

Other riders spectators might look forward to seeing in action are: Seamus Hayes, of the civilian Irish team, who was last year's *Daily* British teams, veterans Peter Robeson, twice Olympic medallist, C David Barker, European champion, 1962, David Broome, European champion and Olympic medallist, Harvey Smith, winner of Althea Roger-Smith. On the team of 21 to 30-year-old riders will be Marion Coakes, world ladies' champion, 1965.

Complete details of the programme at White City, can be obtained by telephoning, SHE

SELLING TO RUSSIANS IN THEIR OWN LANGUAGE

A new British paper has been produced, for one issue only, with a circulation of 10,000 . . . and printed entirely in Russian. The enterprise, carried out by the publicity department of the £240-million Tube Investments group of companies, took four weeks. The stories and features were written, translated into Russian, set in type and printed at speed so the paper could be distributed to thousands of Russian firms, technologists, technicians and scientists before the British Industrial Exhibition opened in Moscow on 8 July. The group has two stands at the exhibition, with samples of products, models and photographs.

The eight-page paper carries news stories, features and pictures about Tube Investments . . . the size of the group, its resources, the various products made by the companies. There is also a full break-down on the group's research, training and personnel activities, and recent honours it has won for design.

The group has done some trading with Russia in the past, and has also done business with various Iron Curtain countries – though Tube Investments tactfully call them "European Socialist countries." Recently, they sent a deputation to Russia to make contacts.

With Anglo-Russian links forming, Tube Investment executives decided to launch this one-issue paper in Russian, to provide more facts about the group for potential customers. Says a spokesman: "It had to be done in a terrible hurry. The writing of the copy took about a week, and we had to assemble suitable material. Then it was passed to another company for translation before being sent to the printers. The paper was got ready, from start to finish, within about four weeks."

Thousands of copies went off by post to Russia, and Tube Investment executives are in Moscow to follow-up the interest aroused.

ANGELA INCE

LORD Egremont, in a piece he wrote in the *Spectator*, produced one of those sentences that give one a flashing insight into other, grander, lives. "Messing about in a library at home," he says, "I came across and dipped into for the first time Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte d'Arthur*." Not *the* library. But *a* library. In other words, one of several, and all in the same house. I rank this breathtaking glimpse into graciousness on a par with that produced by an elderly gruff gentleman in the *Queen Mary*, who walked up to my husband at a cocktail party and said: "Tell me, young man, where do you keep your horses?"

Taking stock

Well, we don't keep any horses – difficult, in St John's Wood – but we do keep books, and inspired by Lord Egremont's example, I have been wandering round my house taking stock of *my* libraries. Going on the theory that library means a collection of books, however small, I, too, can boast of several.

The first library our guests encounter, as they enter by the basement or Lower South door (which they certainly will do, since the front door sticks, rather), is right opposite the kitchen. It is housed, if that is not too portentous a word, in a whitewood bookcase once painted, for some reason of whimsy that now entirely escapes me, a vivid orange. This bookcase now holds a range which might be described by our more generous visitors as evidence of catholic tastes, far-reaching interests, and lively inquiring minds; or by our franker friends as simply weird. Since it is placed in a rather dark corner, books that we are not over-proud of possessing have slunk into its shelves.

Stimulation

Here one finds such titles as *She Walked the Streets*, *The Moan from Outer Space*, *Romola – Student Nurse* and *Chinese Cooking for Small Budgets*. In uneasy juxtaposition with these are the complete range of Arthur Ransome's books for children, right through from *Swallows* and *Amazons* to *Great Northern*. I dip into these quite often, actually, since there are moments in life when *Will Nancy and Peggy Reach the Head of the Lake before the Swallows, Or Will Captain John Triumph?* are as much as I can absorb in the way of literary stimulation.

I have been dipping into them rather more frequently recently, since the nine-year-old son of a friend is currently working his way through them. We are able to have many interesting discussions on Mr Ransome's plot-construction and use of character; some of the few literary discussions I have taken part in, incidentally, in which I have any chance at all of being able to hold my own. Also on this shelf is a German edition of *A Tree Grows in Brooklyn* (*Ein Baum Waechst in Brooklyn*) which, I think I can promise, will rest undipped into for the remainder of its stay in this house. And here, in what I fear will be their last resting place, are some public-library books that have been with us so long that they have passed the point of no return – that is, until we have saved up for the fines.

Any minute

It is on the ground floor that we house our library of books currently being read, or dipped into, books that we plan to read any minute now, and books that we like to think we are going to read next week, but probably aren't.

Also included in this section are milestones to forlorn hopes: *Your Puppy and How to Train Him* (more useful, really, would be a book called *What to do with an Untrained Fully Grown Dog who Eats Tulip Bulbs*); *Lampshade Making, Book Number Two* (I don't know where *Book Number One* got to); *Make your own Soft Furnishings*, with a rather misleading picture on the front of a girl smiling happily as she machines her way through piles of net curtains (misleading as far as I am concerned, anyway), and *Roses for Small Gardens*, which obligingly falls open with an air of having been this way before, at the section dealing with "Mildew."

Lolling back on the shelves, and giving the impression that they don't expect to be disturbed, ever, are *Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems of the Seventeenth Century*, *Adam Bede*, several volumes of *War and Peace*, and an *Up-to-date Guide to Paris and Its Environs*, published in 1934.

They say you can interpret character by the books people have on their shelves; well, I defy anyone to build much character out of that lot.

I suggest it's about time that the cheese manufacturers and importers, not content with making the stuff and bringing it into the country, should attempt to do something about its condition when it is actually bought by the customer. It's getting more and more difficult to buy decent cheese these days because more and more grocers are catching this maddening habit of selling frozen, or at best chilled, cheese.

New Ice Age

We seem to be living through a new Ice Age in the sixties; an age which insists that groceries, whether suitable or not, are kept in cold chambers, or even deep-freeze cabinets, before being sold. One goes out to buy a soft, runny piece of Brie or Camembert, and one comes home with a shivering, chalk-white, rock-hard piece of nothing very much. Recently I have seen Gruyère covered with what looked like white paste pre-packed Cheddar sweating in its beastly little polythene jacket, and cream cheese so chilled as to be absolutely tasteless.

Hygiene is a wonderful thing, but personally I'd rather have a piece of Camembert that is tending to over-ripeness than one that is so chilled to its marrow that it'll never get ripe at all.

Two men walk in the rain for Sinatra

London can be pretty dismal in the rain when you're trudging round looking for locations for a new film. When it's as important as Frank Sinatra's new film, *The Naked Runner,* which is set largely in London, such locations have to be just right.

The director, Sidney J. Furie (left) is a very talented 33-year-old Canadian whose previous credits include *The Ipcress File, The Boys, The Young Ones* and *The Leather Boys.*

Furie sprang to public notice in this country five years ago, when he made a daring love story called *During One Night,* in which he persuaded brilliant performances from Susan Hampshire and Don Borisenko, who were then virtually unknowns.

Furie will again be working with newcomers to the screen in his new film; Sinatra is to be the only big-name star. For Brad Dexter (right), a close friend of Sinatra – he once saved Sinatra from drowning off the coast of Hawaii – it is his first film as producer, although he has been acting in tough-guy roles since the early 50s. Sinatra arrives in mid-July – he'll play the central character of Sam Laker – and shooting starts on 1 August.

After London, *The Naked Runner* will move on to more location work in Copenhagen.

Picture by Allan Ballard

Ingrid Mainz (right): An Austrian model, who hopes to join the top modelling scene in London, keeps her figure perfect with regular visits to Town and Country Health and Beauty Salon. She is pictured here having treatment with a spot-reducing machine in the massage department. It is especially good for the hips and thighs.

Dina Watson (far right): Her choice was a Health Course at the Town and Country to get herself into shape for the season. She is pictured here in the steam bath which rids excess body fluids and helps to relax muscles before massage.

HOW PEOPLE ARE SLIMMING

"As narrow as an arrow and as fetching as an etching" . . . No? Well, there are ways of attaining that state. Harrods have a health bar on the ground floor where there are several meals designed for those with slimming in mind. "Lunch with a Difference" consists of vegetable juices, yoghurt, yeast extract and a whole egg blended together to make a complete liquid meal, full of vitamins and proteins. "Sweet and Sour" salad is chopped raw vegetables, nuts, celery, carrots, apples and cashew-nuts, with a special dressing made with yoghurt and lemon. Wetheralls in Regent Street recently started in their restaurant a three-course luncheon menu with only 285 calories. Schhhh . . . you know who have lessened the drinking problem with their new Slimline range of orange squash, tonic water, and ginger ale. Town and Country Health and Beauty Salons have courses ranging from one month at 12 guineas to 15 months at 184 guineas.

Jacqui Fresco (right): A language student at the City of Westminster College photographed at Wetheralls, Regent Street, eating one of their three-course diet luncheons. Jacqui has been eating there regularly for six weeks. She says it takes the agony out of dieting, as she is not at all strong-willed where food is concerned. "You can enjoy a diet lunch without feeling ravenous afterwards," she says.

Coralie das Neves (left): A secretary at Justerini & Brooks. She has been on a diet for four weeks and often goes to Harrods Health Bar for lunch. She can lose up to 6 lb. a week, but says the lunches must be supplemented by a calorie-conscious dinner in the evening.

Jackie Pritchet (above): Apprentice hairdresser at Pierre Petou in Crawford Street, W1, felt that with summer in full swing and fashion exposing more and more, the best way to keep her figure fair to see was to spend an occasional lunch-hour rowing in Regent's Park – five minutes from the salon.

Caroline Stevens (right): Thought she was in need of exercise and started her own home course. Faithfully morning and night 15 minutes are spent on behalf of her figure. She has already lost an inch off her waist and thighs – and hopes to be really fit for her six-month trip to Spain in August to learn Spanish.

BATMAN
THE SUPER-SELL

Suddenly, British TV screens have been hit by a new phenomenon, Batman and Robin, figures from an American children's comic who have become objects of sophisticated modern folklore. How has this unlikely development come about? Untangling the Batman story, SUSAN LYDON found the main strand was economic.

BATMAN and Robin the Boy Wonder have finally, months after a moderately - successful debut in the Midlands and South, arrived on London's tellies. Timed for a prime evening spot that will catch both adult and younger viewers and urged on by a massive promotional licensing campaign which has already authorised 125 official Bat-products for sale, the made-in-America show should do very well indeed.

Like it or not, Londoners are in for a long stand of uncompromising crime-fighting by the heroic duo. And yet the television series, despite columns of nostalgic punditry and analysis, has much less to do with the comic books of the late thirties and forties, which it apparently evokes, than it does with the aggressive salesmanship of the mid-sixties.

Having desperately sought a slightly more believable hero to rival National Comic Books' Superman, Detective Comic Books proudly announced its find in May 1939: "'The Batman,' a mysterious and adventuresome figure fighting for righteousness and apprehending the wrongdoer in his lone battle against the evil forces of society. . . . His identity remains unknown." Unknown, that was, to the other bizarre members of his world. Readers knew that Batman was really socialite Bruce Wayne, orphaned, as the first episode related, when a gunman shot both his parents as they were walking home from the cinema.

Pondering his fate years later in a silk smoking jacket before his baronial fireplace, Bruce decided to devote his life to fighting crime, not just with his muscles but with the creative intelligence that spawned innumerable Bat-devices and with the aid of his clean-cut and obedient ward Robin. It was all the inspired vision of an 18-year-old art student named Bob Kane and though Batman never quite achieved the absolute pre-eminence of Superman, thousands of pre-pubescent boys paid their money to retreat temporarily into a world where one punch could floor a host of villains and where every skyscraper had its convenient rope for Batman to swing unmussed into action.

THE REBOUND

As Jules Feiffer, himself an avid reader and drawer of comic books, recalls in his book, *The Great Comic Book Heroes:* "The Batman school preferred a vulnerable hero to an invulnerable one. . . . Superman's superiority lay in the offence, Batman's lay in the rebound." Batman, undeniably human, could be hurt, though he seldom had more to show after a mauling than "a discreet patch of Band-Aid on his right shoulder." But, writes Feiffer, "who, having once noted Batman smart-assing his way through a fist fight, has not forever been taken with him?"

In the old days comics belonged to the kids. The ideal nice child beamed on by approving adults did not read them, and so, for those that did, the comics represented a rebellious retreat from adult authority to a realm where they, represented by their heroes, could be omnipotent. Robin was planned as a symbolic link of identification, though it did not work. Says Feiffer: "He was obviously an 'A' student, the center of every circle, the one picked for greatness in the crowd – God, how I hated him. You can imagine how pleased I was when, years later, I heard he was a fag."

Many of the artists had the same kind of idealistic belief in their work as the readers did in their heroes. Many slaved for hours perfecting new techniques of foreshortening, overhead shots, and shadowing; some claimed to have influenced film directors in their camera work. Then comics were a new form and their creators considered themselves pioneers. But comic books were also quite openly, though with no camp pride, junk. "Junk," Feiffer explains, "is there to entertain on the basest, most compromised of levels. . . . Its values are the least middle-class of all the mass media." Some comics were published on a shoestring by fly-by-night companies that changed their names as often as they changed heroes. Tenement backrooms served as offices and the artists were underpaid.

On that level they flourished for years with considerable vitality and, within set formulas, with remarkable originality, creating a widely diverse pantheon of heroes and anti-heroes. The initial blow came in the fifties when they were first taken seriously and when psychiatrist Frederic Wertham almost tolled their death-knell in his book *Seduction of the Innocents,* which woefully chronicled their neurotic themes.

Wertham said of Batman: "Only someone ignorant of the fundamentals of psychiatry and of the psychopathology of sex can fail to realise the subtle atmosphere of homoerotism which pervades the adventures of the mature Batman and his young friend Robin. It is like the wish dream of two homosexuals living together."

The public, adult, of course, was horrified, and the comics were cleaned up. But now the worm has turned again and the pulp fantasies face a more deadly challenge: camp acceptance by adults absolutely determined on being frivolous.

Now the books are bought for 10s a copy in the Portobello Road. Now 30 million Americans, at least half of them adult, watch television Batman, and American merchants expect to sell over £200 million worth of Batman posters, sweatshirts, colouring books, and other Bat-exotica ranging up to £20 Bat-tuxedoes and £40 Batman electric guitars. Now middle-aged executives chuckle over the latest Batman jokes at Park Avenue cocktail parties. (A recent one goes: "What do you call Batman and Robin after they are run over by a steam roller? Flatman and the Boy Wonder Ribbon.") Panellists discuss his meaning in glossy magazines, commenting on the analyses offered by other panellists in other magazines. Yes, Batman has become middle-class, not quite the middle-class that once denounced him, but the new middle-class that has the money and time to satisfy a ferocious appetite for leisure.

The TV show, now eight months old in America, owes more to present trends than to its source.

Batman has even lost his hard-muscled virility. First there were the costume dangers inherent in the translation from paper to TV. Bob Kane could, on the printed page, keep Batman's costume taut, as befitted one whose muscles were always tensed to fight crime. But on TV . . . "I'm afraid it's going to wrinkle," said Kane. "Why didn't they use latex?"

THE CORNINES

Adam West, though apparently warned by the show's directors that he would be finished the first time he got cute, plays the hero with the self-conscious corniness of a novice comedian. Not that the scriptwriters help. The stories in the comic book were swept along by a never-lessening narrative tension; on television Batman has time for mouthing verbosities like "in the vernacular of the underworld . . ." before he makes his getaway, slower than the thwuck! of flowing molasses. And the transition points up all the hero's flaws. "All he does is poove around," said one disgruntled viewer of the show. "For Chrissake, he can't even *fly*." Said American TV critics: "The show is so bad, it's good. If it were any better, it would be terrible."

Nowhere is the difference between the comic and the television eras more apparent than in the high-pressure

campaign to squeeze every last penny out of the fad before it dies its inevitable death. Mervyn Brodie, of Mervyn Brodie & Associates Ltd, describes his work as "character merchandising." His firm handles Batman product licences internationally (they also did James Bond) and is, in association with Walter Tuckwell & Associates Ltd, planning a massive merchandising campaign for Britain.

THE HUMOUR

A small, dark South African who spends most of his time in Torremolinos, Brodie personally likes the show. "As a programme for children," he said, "it's absolutely superb, because they're not looking for sophistication. For an adult to enjoy this programme, he has to have a highly-developed sense of humour. With adults, I find the more intelligent they are, the more they enjoy it." But, of course, Brodie is not really concerned with qualitative analysis. "Really, all that concerns me is, do they want to see it? As long as they go to see it, I'll keep selling the stuff. And after Batman, there'll be Superman."

Brodie expects the British to spend about £10 million on Batman products, of which, he estimates, one million will be on chewing gum alone. But they will be able to choose from roller skates, plastic marble mazes, water pistols, chocolate biscuits, telescopes, painting-by-number sets, slippers, a nodding head money box, imitation jewellery, and battery-operated walking figures. "Kids don't really buy these things," Brodie admits. "In the main they're bought by adults for kids."

And the hard sell on Batman has hardly begun. This, Brodie is delaying to coincide with the release of a colour full-length feature film some time in the future. It will also never be as big a sell as it is already in America. "In America they're much more conscious of this sort of thing. The American population is much more prone to this sort of hysteria than the British. There's kinky stuff in America that won't catch on here." But despite these disadvantages Brodie is happy in his work. "Merchandising is fascinating to play with. The toy trade, through it, is undergoing a minor revolution. It's all junk but it's fun."

The doll that leads the drive to make us all Batmaniacs

He's only 11 inches high, this Batman doll lying amid some of the Batmania we shall be seeing in Britain soon. But in spite of his size, he's already launching the gigantic super-sell here of the products that are already sweeping America. Expected biggest single seller will be the Batman chewing-gum – with sales predicted at £1 million. Other fascinating items to make expected £10 million sales include: Batman walkie-talkie, mask specs, helmet, biscuits, Robin Society badges, T-shirts, roller skates, plastic marble mazes, water pistols, telescopes, paint-by-numbers sets, nodding head money boxes, imitation jewellery and battery-operated walking figures.

IN
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THAT'S LONDON LIFE

It happened in Finchley Road. The photographer was ANDRZEJ SLEZAK.

One of the highlights of the Tournament is the Navy's demonstration of their skill in carrying a dismantled 12-pounder field gun over obstacles.

IT ALL BEGAN WITH JOUSTING KNIGHTS

Russia has its May Day Red Square parade of military might . . . London has the Royal Tournament. What is the point of this annual ritual, open at Earls Court from 13 July? JOHN FARLEY provides the answer and previews some of the attractions that are expected to draw record attendances.

It is Royal Tournament time again – that hardy annual of the London season which scarcely rates in the hostess's diary alongside Ascot and Henley, but is as much part of London in the summer as policemen in shirtsleeves.

This year the tournament brings the legendary North-West Frontier to Earls Court with men of the Pakistan Frontier Constabulary performing tribal dances as the highlight of the displays.

And with London's summer-season visitors swollen by World Cup spectators, the organisers are hoping for record attendances. For overseas visitors, Americans especially, the tournament is an opportunity to see the colourful pageantry of Britain's Armed Forces.

Fencing and tilting

This is the 76th tournament – it has been going since 1880 with breaks for the two world wars. The first tournament was staged at Islington Agricultural Hall, when fencing and tilting were the highlights of the day.

The tournament has its real historical roots in the jousting of knights in medieval times. But today, the three Services are content with showing off their skills without actually fighting each other. The Navy, for instance, concentrates most of its efforts in taking to pieces a 12-pounder field gun, carrying it across obstacles and putting it back together again. It may sound pointless but it is extremely difficult and evidently entertaining because it is one of the displays which is on the programme year after year. And a few years ago one American was so impressed he booked the teams to appear at a San Francisco rodeo.

What is the point of it all? The tournament can hardly be compared to the Russians' show of military strength in their Red Square May Day parade. In fact, the main reason for it is to raise money for Service charities. Something like £30,000 is donated each year after deductions for the rather hefty cost of bringing in the performers to Earls Court.

The second aim of the tournament is to help recruiting. Although presumably would-be soldiers, sailors and airmen are warned that life is not exactly as the Earls Court performance portrays.

Impresario of the tournament for the past two years has been Col Basil Gunnell. And it is a full-time year-round job to produce and organise the two weeks at Earls Court.

Col Gunnell works in a tiny office overlooking Piccadilly with the tournament secretary, Lt-Col Brooke-Webb, and Major John Boxall who has been concerned with the organisation of the tournament for more than 30 years. When I asked Major Boxall about his work he pleaded like the White Rabbit: "No time to stop and talk. Been here since 7 am organising travel warrants for the chaps. See you at the tournament."

Already Col Gunnell and his team are planning next year's tournament, although much of the work is administration – organising the printing of tickets, seating plans and balancing the books.

Tournament rehearsals

But for the 1,400 men and women taking part in the tournament the rehearsals began on Monday at Earls Court in preparation for opening night on Wednesday. For the next two weeks Earls Court becomes a barracks – but military discipline is kept to a minimum because . . . "the chaps have late nights and like to relax during the day."

Many of the displays are part of normal duties and training, but the Navy teams start special training for their field-gun activities way back in March.

One of the biggest problems of the tournament is finding something for the RAF to do to represent their contribution to Britain's defence. As one of the organisers put it: "One always feels rather sorry for them. They can't really bring jet planes into Earls Court, can they?"

Even so, the RAF always manages to put on impressive displays of gymnastics, parachute jumping, and this year a demonstration of seat ejection and crashed aircraft drill.

And if they can't put jets into Earls Court, they do manage to pack most other things in – including mountains and rivers.

This year a special place in the programme is taken by the Royal Artillery, who are celebrating their 250th anniversary with 240 bandsmen on parade.

Other bands taking part will be made up of the Somerset and Cornwall Light Infantry, the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, the King's Shropshire Light Infantry and the Durham Light Infantry.

The Royal Navy will be staging an anti-submarine warfare display, showing the latest methods of locating and destroying enemy subs, and Royal Marines will mount a drill display by recently trained recruits. The Royal Corps of Signals' famous motor-cycle despatch riders will demonstrate their "skill, speed and nerves of steel."

And the visiting Pakistanis will perform two tribal dances originally intended to whip up the emotions of fighters on the eve of war, but restricted today to use on festive occasions like marriages and births (but only of sons).

The Royal Tournament is at Earls Court from 13 to 30 July.

FASHION THAT'S FLAMINGO FRESH

Report by Sarah Drummond
Pictures by Peter Akehurst

Flamingoes . . . most exotic and beautiful of all birds; whose necks curve and arch in immeasurably delicate shapes; whose spindly legs are pink at the knees and feet; whose colour changes from grey at birth, changes to white – and then to pink – fresh flamingo pink.

And the clothes, worn by models Belinda Willis and Kari-Ann Moller and pictured on these pages, are equally fragile and flimsy and romantic. We photographed clothes – and flamingoes – at Mole Hall in Essex, where Mr and Mrs Stuart Johnstone have a large collection of animals and birds. The Johnstones are active supporters of the World Wildlife Fund.

Romantically wondering when to feed the flamingoes, in a feather-light fragile dress in floating chiffon, 25 guineas by Lorellei, 21 Seymour St, W1 (AMB 2804).

COVER Early morning: the flamingoes flock to the land, where they spend the day, leaving the girls watching the disturbed water. Left: enchanting pink and white gingham checked dress with white embroidery and broderie anglaise frills, 18 guineas at Annacat; white patent leather ankle strap shoes by Carvil, 11 guineas at Deliss. Right: dreamy pale-pink chiffon dress with darker piping and lining to the sleeves, 44 guineas at Deliss. Palest pink shoes by Anello & Davide, £3 15s. Annacat, 23 Pelham St, SW7 (KEN 0586); Deliss, 40 Beauchamp Place, SW1 (KEN 0772); Annello & Davide, 96 Charing Cross Rd, WC1 (TEM 5019).

Abandoned on the drifting raft, surrounded by flamingoes . . . pinkness reflected everywhere: from the flowered trouser suit, 43 guineas by Deliss and the pink jersey dress, 6½ guineas (with

FASHION THAT'S FLAMINGO FRESH

(Continued)

Whispering for fear of disturbing the birds: delicately printed short chiffon dress in flamingo colours that ties at the neck and ends in flounces, 18 guineas at Wallis; short and flamboyantly checked slim linen shift, with red braiding, 11 guineas at Annacat. Wallis, 490 Oxford St, W1 (MAY 2171); 217 Oxford St, W1 (GER 1527); 13 Brompton Rd, SW3 (KNI 1368).

P.S. If you're wondering w this goose was doing . . . . H an Ashey Head Goose (from So America) who lost his m some six months ago: ever si then he's trailed along with flamingoes. He eats with th swims, plays, thinks flamingo they've *almost* accepted him n

SARAH DRUMMOND

TALKING FASHION

IT didn't surprise me at all that the press leaped straight on the sensational side of the Royal College of Art Dress Show, and photographed chain-mail dresses and impossibly vast plastic hats, claiming that all our up-and-coming young designers learn during their exclusive training is how to lose their sense of proportion and how to be outrageous. That was leaping before looking.

Fashion – as opposed to clothes, those practical things most of us wear most of the time – divides itself into three categories: the Way-out gear, the Classical and the Decorative. It is, for better or for worse, the first of these that we read most about. Naturally, perhaps, for it is the most eye-catching, the most extreme, the maddest. It is also expendable, the newest, made with tomorrow in mind and dies the day after. It is worn by the minority; worn because it will stop the photographers in their tracks, because it is "different." It is a gimmick, and it is brazenly fancy dress.

The Classical at its best is the inspired classic; it is an international look it is a rich look; it is, as its name implies, pretty timeless; it is elegant. What is more, it is the Ten Best Dressed Women Look.

Watch out for plain and patterned silk shirts and shirt-dresses, and floaty trousers, coming soon at Palisades. The designer, Pauline Fordham, who owns and runs the shops, tells me that boys buy trousers from Palisades as much as girls. Who wants to look like who?

The Decorative clothes are the ones whose designers have dipped into the past, fairyland, picture books and have turned Eastwards for ideas. Look at the vast selection of royally coloured Indian, Far and Middle Eastern silks, the baggy Turkish pantaloons, the Persian prints, the bold Afri-

Burnt brown and orange jersey print by Judith Found, and dress designed by Sonia Bignall, a second-year student at the Royal College of Art.

can cottons, the Arabian djellabahs, the Mexican lace and cotton (so forget the embarrassingly folksy home-weave touch). And look at the period pieces: the *art nouveau*, Victoriana and Gothic. It is all faintly nostalgic, slightly theatrical – and almost always takes shape in evening clothes.

The RCA dress show contained plenty of designs of all these three categories. The zany clothes were in the minority, so any impression to the contrary that you may have picked up from the national newspapers was false. It was a stunning and enjoyable dress show, splendidly presented, and an exhilarating look at what we might hope to find in the shops in the not too distant future.

The third-year students showed their work individually (and no commentary, thank heavens). Each had chosen music to suit his or her style. Thus Ramsey Lewis for trendy menswear, Vivaldi for the grand and classical; children's clothes came on with funfair music, and the way-out was backed by electronic sounds, and so on. There is a very high standard of design and inventiveness among these students, and the clothes are beautifully made: they are alternatively practical, camp, yé-yé and elegant.

Air-hostesses used to become models in the old days; and when they got bored with that they went to work in antique shops or in boutiques. Recently, though, the pattern has changed: models, bored with modelling, have started *boutiques. Wendy Lewis has Harriet (8 Gregory Place, off Holland Street, W8), Pat Booth is at Top Gear (King's Road, SW3) and Rosemary Kirsten has started the Victoria & Albert Boutique (Victoria Grove, W8).*

I particularly liked the very simple white jersey dress and jacket, which is lined in the same material as the silk scarf, by Pamela Procter (who is going to work with a Finnish firm). Stella Brooks (who will work in America) showed an enchanting child's orange linen dress and pants, and the long spotted net dress by Julia Pilcher was ravishing: so was Angela Pietre's long green and red coat, over a wool dress. Alas, none of the clothes are for sale.

Autumn clothes will be in Woollands' windows from 18 July – they are devoting all their window space to the new Jane & Jane collection, which can be worn from now to December. There are pretty chiffon and polka-dot silk dresses, lightweight woollen dresses, and lots of after-six black dresses.

About a month ago, Joanna Glazebrook and Anne Thompson tired of staying with friends in the country, who enthused over their clothes and begged them to bring "exactly that dress next time you come up here" – and they decided to do just that. Motique is the name of their travelling boutique. Into the glamorously decorated horse box go clothes by Dandy, Annacat, Tony Armstrong, Judy Leighton (children's wear), as well as others designed by friends and experimenters, furs from Outback and jewellery by Felicity Bosanquet.

The first stop was in Shropshire and our country cousins swooped in on Motique. (Anne had to return to London next day to stock more crepon shirts and skinny sweaters, which were instant sell-outs.) Changing-rooms are anything from stables to a hastily-erected tent, and it is, according to Joanna, "marvellously chaotic." They will shortly draw up an itinerary to take them up to Christmas, planning to follow public functions such as horse shows.

Footnote

Charles Jourdan (10a Old Bond Street, W1. HYD 0871) have two exquisite dancing slippers. **Left:** palest gold and silver lamé mule, encrusted with diamanté, 17½ guineas. **Right:** silver lamé, also encrusted with diamanté and cluster buckle, 25 guineas. On sale in August.

WHAT PEOPLE ARE WEARING

Alexa Sich (above), who has recently returned from a holiday in Egypt, wearing a brown and white checked jersey dress from The Shop (in Radnor Walk), and brown and white shoes by Lotus. Alexa works for Benn Levy, the playwright.

Virginia Meagher (left) wearing a heavy cotton bell-bottomed trouser-suit from Maryon, and a green and mauve shirt in crepon from the Victoria and Albert. Virginia is in her second year at the Byam-Shaw School of Art where she won a scholarship. She submitted a sketch to the Academy this year, which was accepted—and sold on the first day.

Tanya Bruce-Lockhart (right) reaching for the sky in a cotton drill dress by Angela at London Town, which she bought at Fanny Adams in Victoria. Tanya used to be a journalist but is now busy looking for a job in public relations.

Frances Horovitz (above), married to the poet Michael Horovitz, wearing a long salmon-pink crepe dress, trimmed around the neck with red ostrich feathers, and a long stole which she bought at Annacat. Frances wore this dress at the recent Albert Hall Poetry Reading meeting. Frances teaches part-time, writes poetry, and has done a little broadcasting.

Wendy Young (left) wearing a dress and jacket by Oleg Cassini, in gold lamé brocade in peacock aqua, black and pink.
Her shoes are in black satin with a buckle by Roger Vivier. Wendy lives in Hong Kong and Manila. She has just finished a world tour.

Anne-Marie Harrison (below):
Fashion consultant for Originale Boutique – in Church Street, Kensington – wearing her favourite dress in light-weight crocheted gold lurex by Charles Creed, which she bought from the boutique.
Her beige patent shoes are from Dolcis.

Kathy Taylor and Wendy List (above):
Kathy, married to a Royal Navy Lieut.-Commander, bought the silk material for her dress suit in India and had it made in London. Her ribbon snood is from Fenwicks. **Wendy** is in London for a few days as part of a world trip with her husband, a Melbourne businessman. Her pink cotton corduroy trouser-suit and navy cotton top were bought in St Tropez.

MILK TO PASS THE LIGHTHOUSE TEST

Lighthouse keeper Stan Emmerson, alone and storm-lashed, 12 miles south-west of Plymouth, has become the star figure in an advertising campaign to launch a new long-lasting milk. After 12 years of experimentation, the Express Dairy Company – the second largest dairy firm in Britain – has perfected a milk which keeps fresh, unopened, for up to a year. But to convince the public that not all milk turns yellow after a few days, they have brought in Mr Emmerson, 52-year-old keeper at Eddystone lighthouse.

"It is ideal for people like lighthouse keepers, campers, yachtsmen and travellers," said company chairman Mr William Bell. "You see, it is difficult persuading the average housewife that she can now buy milk that will last for weeks and weeks without being opened – and still taste as fresh as the day it was made. Mr Emmerson is helping us to prove this. We supplied him with 72 pints, and already he is delighted with the milk. Previously he existed on powdered milk – which leaves much to be desired."

They hope to use Mr Emmerson's favourable views on their milk – brand name Longlife – to help product-promotion. How is it done? Explained Mr Bell: "We treat fresh full-cream milk at a very high temperature – about 130 degrees centigrade – to get rid of bacteria. Then it is packed in a sterile, aluminium-lined carton."

The Express Dairy have been selling their milk throughout the world. But it has been beyond the reach of British housewives – restricted by the rigid regulations covering milk sales in this country. Now the milk has Government approval.

But at the moment, shipping companies are using the milk on long trips . . . crews of oil-drilling rigs in the North Sea drink it; John Riding stocked up with Longlife to sail the Atlantic in *Sea-egg*; and even an Antarctic expedition found it useful.

THE LONDON I LOVE

Between the Ambassadors Theatre and the St Martin's, with the Ivy near by . . . this is the corner of London that still belongs to her, although she now spends so much time in America that we can class her as a visitor. Continuing this *London Life* series, ROGER BAKER talks to—

Hermione Baddeley

SHE stepped out of the stage-door into the rain. She wore a white fur coat, a huge white petal hat and carried a big, black umbrella. Across the road, waiters crowded the doorway of the Ivy to look and people stopped to say hello.

This is Hermione Baddeley's London, this corner between the Ambassadors Theatre and the St Martin's, with the Ivy near by. It has been suggested that the alley between the theatres be renamed Baddeley Court, to commemorate her association with the two theatres. Now she is back to play *The Killing of Sister George* at the St Martin's, the theatre where she made one of her first big hits as Florrie Small in *The Likes of Her*. That was in 1923 when she was 17.

In 1949 she created one of the century's sensations when she paired up with Hermione Gingold in Noël Coward's *Fallen Angels* at the Ambassadors: "There was no real reason for it ever to end," she recalls, giggling in retrospect to the days when she and Gingold took the town, and she was Queen of the Ivy.

Making films

It is 12 years since Miss Baddeley appeared on the London stage – that was in the revue *Going to Town* – though she has been back many times in touring shows and to appear at Oxford, Dublin and the Edinburgh Festival. Meanwhile she has been living in Hollywood, making films and doing television and cabaret appearances.

"From the publicity London is getting in America I thought I might get swung away," she says. "They are absolutely *fascinated* by London. They are amused by the Cockney accent and fascinated by the other types. I think it is all an amazing myth. Once I've opened in the play I shall certainly try to find out where London swings – though, of course, in the old days, I used to be one of the swingers myself."

Miss Baddeley is over here for six months and plans to make the most of it. In many ways it will be an attempt to relive those swinging days of the late '40s. "I shall go down to my old Brighton – I used to live there, you know. And I shall go down to the Beehive in Chelsea as well. I do rather like the pubs in London, though I'm not the sort of person who *has* to go out for a drink: I don't like having a drink by myself, really."

She also plans to see the Noël Coward plays and to visit the new Cavendish Hotel in St James's – Rosa Lewis of the old Cavendish was a great friend of hers. But what she really loves about London, and what she will most enjoy while she is here, are the people: "I think London has the most marvellous collection of personalities; there are so many individuals. We have such a lot of beautiful eccentrics. Of course, I love my Cockneys, the cab drivers and people like that. Hollywood people are so painfully egotistical, especially those in the film and television world."

Originally it was planned to mount *The Killing of Sister George* in New York, with Miss Baddeley in the title rôle. "I wanted to do it as soon as I read it and I was very disappointed when the project fell through. But I really wanted to get back on the stage and act a decent part again. It has been very inconvenient: I had to pressure my part in *The Happiest Millionaire* I've been making for Walt Disney." Miss Baddeley was, however, word perfect in the rôle before she even left Hollywood and rehearsed solidly – Sundays included – before opening.

The film Miss Baddeley has just completed she feels is quite charming: "It is beautifully cast – Tommy Steele is in it: he's priceless, I think – and my part is rather like the one in *Mary Poppins*. Everyone couldn't have been nicer. I had to make friends with an alligator which got temperamental and delayed the film a little."

Much as she loves London, Hermione Baddeley has quite a lot to say for America, too: "They make such a fuss of artists, you know, and we get beautiful notices. I'm not so bad I suppose, but they really do enthuse. It's a weeny bit sad there aren't any revues about in London any more; everything seems such a pale edition of the old ones. But you do find that sort of thing in America – not on Broadway but in some little hole round the corner: that's where you find the old type of revue which I do enjoy so much.

"I got caught up with Hollywood and the beautiful weather. I was involved with a television series and bought a house out there. I come back to London whenever I can, but it is rather extravagant to come across socially and I can't leave my pet dog for very long."

Old places

The well-wishers who stopped to pay their respects to Miss Baddeley were tiny fragments of the general feeling of delight at her reappearance in London. Old friends and old places that she has known and loved are all over town with emphasis, of course, on the theatre and the unaffected corners where people can be themselves.

But she can only remain here for six months. "When I get back to America I shall start a tour doing cabaret," she says. "I like doing that because you can have the odd week off. And I shall be doing lots of television shows – those appearances are *very* remunerative." Even so, it is clear from the way she speaks of London that, though America may be more flattering to an artist – both in words and in financial remuneration – this is the town she loves the most.

Her appearance in *The Killing of Sister George* is part of a complete cast change for the play, with Andree Melly and Ambrosine Phillpots taking over the two other key rôles. Observers agree that Miss Baddeley will bring another dimension to the play – so it virtually amounts to a new show.

Hermione Baddeley, outside the St. Martin's, where she is giving an entirely new look to the play *The Killing of Sister George*.

IF ALVARO LIKES YOU, THEN HE'LL FEED YOU

Why does everybody want to eat at the Alvaro? And why is it that many people cannot? In three months this Chelsea restaurant has become a devoted haunt. Some think it is a status symbol merely to be seen eating there. MICHAEL VESTEY diagnoses this social phenomenon and talks to the man responsible – Mr Alvaro Maccioni, Italian ex-kitchen dogsbody, and now the host with the most.

ew of Alvaro's favoured ones. ve: Mrs Helen Hyman . . .

er Annigoni . . .

is son . . .

fer Tudor Owen, racedriver . . .

Irwin, TV producer . . .

arry Baird, American actor.

The name Alvaro is whispered from the studios of show-biz to the courts of royalty – but spoken *sotto voce*, away from that microphone or admiring crowd. For it means a passport to some sequestered place, an esoteric eating forum. It is a London restaurant, quiet and unostentatious, in King's Road, Chelsea, out of reach of the desperate, fashion-questing clutches of those who roam hopefully for the In mecca-of-the-moment. The list of people who eat at the Alvaro reads like *Who's Who* or the bill of the Royal Variety Show.

Why?

"I like to let in only those I know and like," explains owner 34-year-old Italian Mr Alvaro Maccioni. "And they come here because they know and like each other."

They are Princess Margaret (and friends), Dudley Moore, Peter Cook, Michael Caine, Mary Quant, David Frost, the Rolling Stones, Terence Stamp, an assortment of ambassadors and the titled and . . . well, the golden list is endless.

Happiness

Mr Maccioni is a well-built, blue-eyed grin of a man, exuding radiant happiness stimulated by three nightly sittings at his restaurant. "I am the happiest man in the whole world," he says. And you believe him. His success story starts in native Florence, when he abandoned the idea of becoming a priest – to wash dishes in a local hotel. "I travelled all over Europe and took every menial job in catering that was offered me. I just wanted experience, and I was saving up for the day I would have my own restaurant."

It took him to London's Terrazza, long one of the most fashionable haunts. He was manager for six years. "I met a lot of wonderful people there. But it was not until I opened the Alvaro that I realised I had made a lot of friends, too."

In a most friendly way some of them followed Mr Maccioni to the King's Road.

"Dudley Moore might come here for lunch, only to have dinner at the Terrazza in the evening. I have not affected their trade in any way."

Mr Maccioni opened the restaurant at Easter, using a white-walled Italian country-style décor which cost him £10,000. "I sent out invitations to a lot of people I had met at the Terrazza, but I never imagined the response would be so good. People like to eat out in a pleasant atmosphere with good service, excellent and inexpensive food and not surrounded by a lot of fancy decorations. It is the people who make my restaurant, not the simple design."

How does he select his clientele?

"I take reservations only on the day they intend to come here," he says. "If I don't know the person I say, 'Sorry, sir, we are fully booked.' I can tell the moment a customer walks in the door if I want him or not. It is something in my blood that tells me.

"I turn many, many people away. I bring business to the King's Road because I direct people to another restaurant. I would be content if only 54 people ate here a night. But it is fantastic that 200 should come here every evening."

He expends the sort of diplomacy in seating arrangements which you would expect of a former head waiter at the Café Royal (he says he was the youngest they ever had). Pop groups flail their knives and forks together, wealthy businessmen discuss the affairs of Mammon in the same corner, and etcetera nudge elbows with etcetera. "One has to be very tactful. I was amazed when Princess Margaret was booked a table. She sat in a party of four in a quieter part of the restaurant."

Mr Maccioni is proud about this, of course. He says: "The Princess ordered one of my specialities, a dish called Barbara. It is chicken baked in clay, which, when broken, brings away the feather and skin. Stuffed with herb and garlic, it is delicious. I am told she enjoyed her meal."

Ex-directory

Mr Maccioni sees no limit to the sealed-off exclusiveness he wants. Soon his telephone number will be ex-directory. "I have asked the GPO to take my number out of the book. I just cannot cope. In future only my customers who know my number will be able to contact me."

This, after three months in business. "The Alvaro will be the only restaurant in the world to have an ex-directory telephone number. I do not need to advertise."

The Alvaro is not the place for Humbert Humbert and their Lolitas. "I am amused to notice the absence of sugar-daddy businessmen and their young girl-friends." Mr Maccioni says, flashing a white, healthy smile. "They would be spotted immediately by their friends. I have no dark crannies or mysterious nooks for people to hide in. It is quiet, but at the same time, a place where they can eat and meet. A sort of non-membership club, in fact."

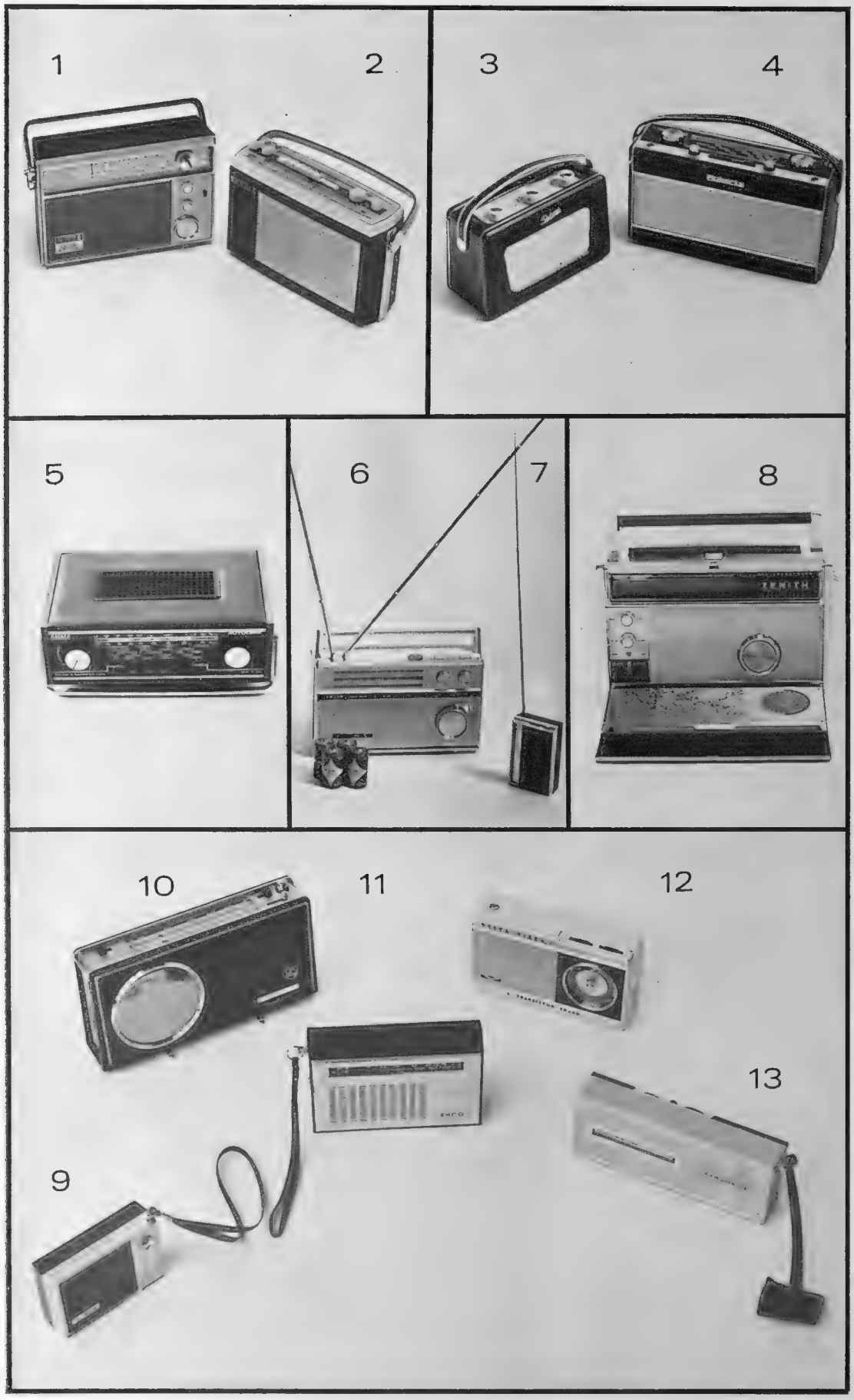
Well, I don't know about that. True, the lucky few do not need membership cards, but their faces have to fit. And then Mr Maccioni has managed to galvanise his customers in adding to the closeness of it all by almost working for him. Businessman's wife, Mrs Susan Guinness, sends him exotic, rare herbs from a village her husband owns in Spain.

"I like this kind of co-operation," he says. "It is like a family around you."

CUSHING CREATED PUPPETS...

That suave, lean-faced actor Peter Cushing is associated—through his major film roles—with the figure of Baron Frankenstein, the man who created an ideal human being from parts salvaged from other, dead human beings. Or at least that was the idea. Things went wrong, as we know, and Frankenstein made a monster. Cushing has played the Baron in many of Hammer Films' variants on the tale. And when he relaxes at home, in his seaside cottage at Whitstable, his act of creation continues. Inhabitants of the quiet town need not worry, however, that monsters are going to come galumphing across the oyster beds, for Mr Cushing's hobby is on a smaller scale. He has his own toy theatre to which he is constantly adding new sets and actors. Toy may seem a trivial word for his theatre, though; it is beautifully proportioned, fully-equipped with the best in lighting facilities and the sets are devised to realise what for him would be the ideal production of *Madame Butterfly*, or *An Ideal Husband*, or whatever. Cushing's latest picture, *Daleks – Invasion Earth 2150 AD*, which once again finds the earth under threat of extermination, opens on 22 July. And he has just begun work on yet another slant on the old Frankenstein bit—this one is called *Frankenstein Created Woman*.

LEARNING TO LIVE WITH TRANSISTORS



So you hate transistors? You're probably thinking of those tiny sets with the tinny sound that some people make a habit of carrying about in a permanently switched-on condition. Agreed, some of the smaller sets leave something to be desired in their standard of reproduction, but they need no longer irritate, because they have personal listening attachments. And they needn't be tinny because the sound quality of the better sets has been so much improved.

The Hacker Sovereign (£40 19s), though among the more expensive of transistors, was considered by a *Which?* report (September 1965) as being technically one of the best buys. Among the choice photographed, here is a selection of personal pocket radios, together with some of the more technically advanced models:

1. Zenith 990 FM/AM short-wave portable, £69 12s 6d from Harrods.

2. B and O 700, £35 14s from Harrods.

3. Roberts portable transistor R300, 15 guineas; (case extra). From Harrods.

4. Roberts R700, £30 9s (case extra). From Harrods.

5. Hacker RP33, with car aerial socket and special cut-in switch for external aerial, tone control and wood cabinet; covered. £19 8s 6d from Imhof's, New Oxford Street. Especially useful for alternative use in cars.

6. 11 transistor portable TFM-116A by Sony, for use on land and sea, with twin telescopic aerials. 31 guineas from leading departmental stores.

7. 8 transistor by Sony, TFM-825L. 14 guineas from main departmental stores.

8. Zenith Royal 3000 trans-oceanic portable, with nine wave-bands, receiving marine and weather reports. £165 7s 2d from Harrods.

9. Sanyo 6C-64D Solo, with wrist strap, £5 19s 6d. From Imhof's.

10. Philips desk transistor, model 210. 14 guineas from Imhof's.

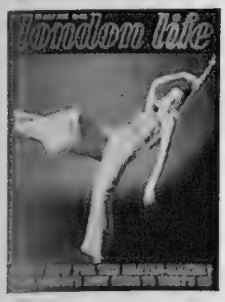
11. Ekco PT468, 6½ guineas from Imhof's.

12. Vesta Vixen TR121/355, £4 19s 6d from main branches of Woolworths.

13. Ferguson 3130, with ear-piece and carrying-case, 7½ guineas from Imhof's.

london life

NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK



This is Belinda – Willis, that is. She began modelling in March and is heading right for the top. Her face has been in *London Life* frequently. Read about her next week

This is Samantha – Eggar, that is. One of the new breed of English roses (they are slightly sharper than the old ones), who add pace and beauty to the film scene. More pictures of her next week

This is Brian – Epstein, that is. The power behind the Beatles, he manages to remain elusive, a shadowy figure in the background. He is rich, famous successful. Where next for Epstein? is the question. *London Life* answers it next week

NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK NEXT WEEK

The World Cup is reaching its climax. Follow Billy Wright's exclusive report on progress, a rational and informed summing-up of the games

Do you doodle as you wait for a call to come through or while sitting in at conference? Lots of people do. *London Life* catches them in the act and gets a psychiatrist to interpret

Also

If you feel a bit creepy sitting in the theatre it may be because a ghost is around – some theatres are haunted. *London Life* tells which

What's new about the promenade concerts this year? *London Life* finds out. Why does Eva Marie Saint love London? *London Life* explains

PLUS PLUS PLUS PLUS PLUS PLUS

Complete guide to what's on; the sharpest reviews; the best restaurants (bearing the wallet in mind as well), and great news for drinkers; David Wynne-Morgan reports from the Coupe d'Europe at Knokke

EXTRA EXTRA EXTRA

Boutiques – a boon to the young or a great big racket? *London Life* takes a penetrating look at the whole boutique business and pulls no punches in answering that question

london life

Win a night out in London!

London Life this week invites readers to take part in a new competition – Win a night out in London. Dinner for two will be provided at a top restaurant, there will be two tickets for a West End play, followed by a visit to a club for Polynesian food and a bottle of champagne.

What you have to do is forecast:

i) Winners, runners-up, third and fourth teams in the World Cup.
ii) The score in the final.

A simple eliminating contest will be held in the event of a tie.

Results of some matches are already known. Use your skill and judgment to decide which teams will be successful from now on. On page 52, Billy Wright sums up the prospects.

Closing date for the contest is first post on Tuesday, July 19. Send your completed entry form to:

London Life World Cup Competition,
Elm House, Elm Street,
London, WC1

Entry restricted to UK.

The Editor's decision is final.

No correspondence can be entered into.

Entry form

Name .....

Address .....

.....

My forecast of the first four teams in the World Cup is:

1.....

2.....

3.....

4.....

My forecast of the score in the final is:

SCORE.— .....

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When you think about it, it seems odd that the British musical has tapped the British music hall as a source so rarely; after all the American musical is always referring back to the Vaudeville tradition. But now comes *Strike a Light*, swaggering on to the stage, kicking up its heels, flouncing its skirts and rattling out a succession of rousing songs, the terms of reference of which are gas lamps, idealised Victorian pubs, plush drapes and, at times, the drawing room ballad.

Since the subject is the same as that of another recent musical, *The Matchgirls*, comparisons are bound to arise. It is a difference in kind, though. While *The Matchgirls* assumed a social conscience in matter, and attempted something new in form, *Strike a Light* sets out to entertain – pure and simple. Evelyn Laye may be no more like the *real* Annie Besant than Mary Poppins – but then the real Annie Besant would require a totally different dramatic treatment.

I thought *Strike a Light*, on this level, to be a stunning old show. There are faults, of course. It seems slow to get off the ground, and a number of solos for minor characters, while charming in themselves, tend to create an imbalance within the dramatic development. The total effect is of bursting energy, built up through a series of exciting production numbers.

Carl Toms has gone back to Cretan sources, and is redressing "The Winter's Tale" for the Edinburgh Festival.

Evelyn Laye brings tremendous style and authority to the stage. Her singing voice may be fragile, but she makes the dialogue sound inspired and kicks a leg with the rest. Jeannie Carson is sweetness and light as the chief match girl, and John Fraser makes an engaging bounder – a nice touch for a musical to have an anti-hero. It is well known that I can just sit there and watch Josephine Blake simply *move* on the stage; but she's never done it better, and caps a ranking performance with a bitter, torchy ballad. Disley Jones' sets are delicately realised and complement Robin Pay's elegant costumes.

● At the Savoy Theatre, the American singing comedian, Allan Sherman, is giving late-night recitals of his familiar parodies of familiar songs and many new ones. A chubby, engaging figure, he provides his own narration and amusing introductions to the various items.

roger baker

WEST END

openings

T 19 July: **AN EVENING WITH SHIRLEY BASSEY,** Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). One-woman show. 8.0. Sat: 6.0, 8.30

current

ALIBI FOR A JUDGE, Savoy, Strand, WC2 (TEM 8888). Authors: Felicity Douglas, Henry Cecil. Dir: Hugh Goldie. Stars: Andrew Cruickshank, Colin Gordon, Elvi Hale. High Court judge gets involved with the pretty wife of a man he has sent down. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.30 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 4 August 1965. Allan Sherman: Late show: Sat 16 July only: 10.45 (ends midnight)

THE ANNIVERSARY. Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 5122) Author: Bill MacIlwraith. Dir: Patrick Dromgoole. Evil mother and terrified family. Comedy. Cast: Michael Crawford, Sheila Hancock, Jack Hedley, June Ritchie, Mona Washbourne. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.45); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 20 Apr 1966

David Graham in Cecil Taylor's "Bread and Butter."

ARSENIC & OLD LACE, Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (TEM 4871). Author: Joseph Kesselring. Dir: Murray Macdonald. Affectionate revival of a classic black comedy. Cast: Sybil Thorndike, Athene Seyler, Richard Briers, Desmond Walter-Ellis. 8.0 (ends 10.20). W: 2.45 (ends 5.5). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.20). Opened 23 Feb 1966

BEYOND THE FRINGE 1965, May Fair, May Fair Hotel, Stratton Street, W1 (MAY 3036). Authors: Alan Bennett, Peter Cook, Jonathan Miller, Dudley Moore. Dir: David Phethean. Stars: John Dryden, Bill Hepper, Peter Honri, Peter Baldwin. The material has almost an historical interest now. 8.40 (ends 10.50). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10). Opened 15 Apr 1964

BLACK & WHITE MINSTREL SHOW, Victoria Palace, Victoria Street, SW1 (VIC 1317). Dir: George Inns. Stars: George Mitchell Minstrels with Don Arrol, Neville King, Dai Francis, John Boulter, Tony Mercer. Is colour TV like this? 6.15 (ends 8.20); 8.45 (ends 10.50). Opened 15 May 1962

BOEING-BOEING, Duchess, Catherine Street, WC2 (TEM 8243). Author: Marc Camoletti (translated by Beverley Cross). Dir: Jack Minster. Stars: Nicholas Parsons, Simon Merrick. Three girls, two boys, seven doors . . . permutations endless and monotonous. 8.0 (ends 10.10). W: 2.45 (ends 4.50). Sat: 5.15 (ends 7.20). Opened 20 Feb 1962

BREAD AND BUTTER, Jeanetta Cochrane Theatre, Holborn, WC1 (CHA 7040). Author: Cecil P Taylor. Dir: Michael Geliot. Glasgow-Jewish couples over 30 years. Cast: Eveline Garrett, Bernard Goldman, Patricia Leventon, David Graham. 7.45. Opened 30 June 1966. Ends 23 July

CHARLIE GIRL, Adelphi, Strand, WC2 (TEM 7611). Book by Hugh and Margaret Williams. Music and lyrics by David Heneker and John Taylor. Dir: Wallace Douglas. Cast: Anna Neagle, Joe Brown, Hy Hazell. The stately homes racket receives gentle satire with romantic interest, songs and dancing. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 Dec 1965

COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUD and **SHADOWS OF THE EVENING,** Queen's, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir: Vivian Matalon. Contrasting double bill. Cast: Noël Coward, Lilli Palmer, Irene Worth. T, F & Sat: 8.0 (ends 10.30). Th: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 25 Apr 1966. Ends 30 July

COME SPY WITH ME, Whitehall, Trafalgar Square, SW1 (WHI 6692). Music and Lyrics: Brian Blackburn. Dir: Ned Sherrin. A bit of coach-party camp. Stars: Danny La Rue, Barbara Windsor, Biff McGuire, Richard Wattis. 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Opened 31 May 1966

A FRIEND INDEED, Cambridge Theatre, Earlham Street, WC2 (TEM 6056). Author: William Douglas-Home. Dir: Jack Minster. Weak comedy with a diplomatic theme. Cast: David Tomlinson, David Hutcheson. 8.0 (ends 10.10). Th Mat: 2.45 (ends 5.0). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10); 8.30 (ends 10.40). Opened 27 Apr 1966

FUNNY GIRL, Prince of Wales, Coventry Street, W1 (WHI 8681). Lyrics: Bob Merrill. Music: Jule Styne. From the book by Isobel Lennart. Dir: Lawrence Kasha. Fanny Brice revealed. Cast: Barbra Streisand (Sat: 3.0 Lisa Shane), Michael Craig. 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat: 3.0 (ends 5.20). Opened 13 Apr 1966. Ends 16 July

That's no lady! Danny La Rue in "Come Spy with Me."

HELLO, DOLLY! Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, WC2 (TEM 8108). Adapted by Michael Stuart from Thornton Wilder's play *The Matchmaker*. Music: Jerry Herman. Dir and choreographer: Gower Champion. Now a cosy family show. Cast: Dora Bryan, Bernard Spear. 7.30 (ends 10.0). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 2 Dec 1966

AN IDEAL HUSBAND, Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (TEM 4143). Author: Oscar Wilde. Dir: James Roose Evans. *Fin de siècle* morality among the Wildest epigrams. Cast: Margaret Lockwood, Richard Todd, Michael Denison, Dulcie Gray, Ursula Jeans, Roger Livesey, Perlita Nelson. 7.30 (ends 10.0). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.30 (ends 11.0). Th: 3.0 (ends 5.30). Opened 16 Dec 1965. Ends 23 July

THE KILLING OF SISTER GEORGE, St Martin's, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (TEM 1443). Author: Frank Marcus. Dir: Val May. Stars: Hermione Baddeley, Andrée Melly, Ambrosine Philpotts. Lesbian radio actress loses her part and her lover. 8.0 (ends 10.25). Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.55); 8.30 (ends 11.0). T: 3.0 (ends 5.25). Opened 17 June 1965

Phyllida Law in a sequence from "On the Level."

THE KING'S MARE, Garrick, Charing Cross Road, WC2 (TEM 4601). Author: Jean Anouilh. Adapted by: Anita Loo. Dir: Peter Coe. Henerey the Eighth and Annie of Cleves. Cast: Glynis Johns, Keith Michell, Sidney Tafler, Michael Gwynn, Jane Merrow. 8.0, W & Sat: 3.0, 8.0. Opened 6 July 1966

LET'S GET A DIVORCE, Mermaid Puddle Dock, Blackfriars, EC4 (Cit 7656). Authors: Sardou and Najac. English version. Angela and Robert Goldsby. Dir: Robert Midgley. Cast: Fenella Fielding, Hugh Paddick, Barry Foster. Classic farce. 7.45. W-Sat: 6.10, 8.45 Ends 23 July. Transfers to Comedy Theatre. 26 July

LONDON LAUGHS, London Palladium, Argyll Street, W1 (GER 7373). Choreographer: Douglas Squires. Dir: Robert Nesbit. Undemanding variety show. Cast: Harry Secombe, Jimmy Tarbuck. 6.15 (ends 8.30); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Sat Mat: 2.40 (ends 4.55). Opened 6 May 1966

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, New Shakespeare Company, Open-air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (HUN 1813). Author: Shakespeare. Dir: Michael Meacham. Theoretically ideal setting. Cast: Russell Hunter, Caroline Blakiston, Louise Breslin, Edgar Wreford, John Turner, Bernard Hopkins, John Warner. 7.45 (ends 10.30). W, Th & Sat Mats: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 6 June 1966

THE MOUSETRAP, Ambassadors, West Street, off Cambridge Circus, WC2 (Tem 1171). Author: Agatha Christie. After 14 years still a mystery. Dir: D Ramsden. Cast: John Cobner, Diana Scougall. 8.0 (ends 10.30). T: 2.45 (ends 5.10). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.30); 8.0 (ends 10.30). Opened 25 Nov 1952

OLIVER! New Theatre, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (TEM 3878). Composer: Lionel Bart. Dir: Peter Coe.

Stars: Aubrey Woods, Nicolette Roeg, Peter Bartlett. Dickens' London brought to musical life. 7.45 (ends 10.15). T & Sat: 4.30 (ends 6.50). Opened 30 June 1960

ON THE LEVEL, Saville, Shaftesbury Avenue, WC2 (TEM 4011). Author: Ronald Millar. Music by Ron Grainger. Dir: Wendy Toye. GCE gets groovy. Cast: Barrie Ingham, Angela Richards, Gary Bond. 7.45 (ends 10.20). Wed Mat: 2.45 (ends 5.20). Sat: 5.30 (ends 8.5); 8.30 (ends 11.5). Opened 19 Apr 1966

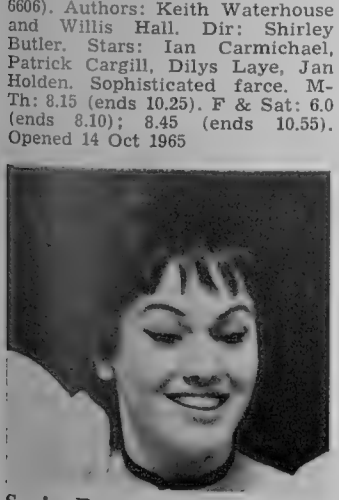
OUT FROM UNDER, ORANGE SOUFFLE & THE WEN, Fortune, Russell Street, WC2 (TEM 2238). Three One-Act Plays. Author: Saul Bellow. Dir: Charles Marowitz. Variants on the male/female tune. Cast: Miriam Karlin, Harry Towb. 8.15 (ends 10.20). Th & Sat: 5.30 (ends 7.35); 8.15 (ends 10.20). Opened 28 June 1966

THE OWL AND THE PUSSYCAT, Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (WHI 3216). Author: Bill Manhoff. Dir: Shirley Butler. Pretty girl versus intellectual man. Cast: Diana Sands, Anton Rodgers. 8.15 (ends 10.35). Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Wed: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Opened 2 Mar 1966

THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE, Wyndham's Theatre, Charing Cross Road (TEM 3028). Adapted by Joy Presson Allen from the novel by Muriel Spark. Dir: Peter Wood. Schoolmistress of decided idiosyncrasy. Excellent value. Cast: Vanessa Redgrave, Andrew Crawford, William Squire, Dorothy Reynolds. 8.0 (ends 10.15). W Mat: 3.0 (ends 5.15). Sat: 5.45 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 10.45). Opened 5 May 1966

ROBERT & ELIZABETH, Lyric, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 3686). Composer: Ron Grainger. Book: Ronald Millar. Dir: Wendy Toye. Stars: Donald Wolfit, Jane Fyffe, Kevin Colson. The Barretts of Wimpole Street get the song and dance treatment. 7.30 (ends 10.25). Th & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.25). Opened 20 Oct 1964

SAY WHO YOU ARE, Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 6606). Authors: Keith Waterhouse and Willis Hall. Dir: Shirley Butler. Stars: Ian Carmichael, Patrick Cargill, Dilys Laye, Jan Holden. Sophisticated farce. M-Th: 8.15 (ends 10.25). F & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.10); 8.45 (ends 10.55). Opened 14 Oct 1965



Sonia Rees: Maria in "The Sound of Music."

SONG AT TWILIGHT, Queen's, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (REG 1166). Author: Noël Coward. Dir: Vivian Matalon. Skeletons rattle in elderly author's cupboard. Cast: Noël Coward, Lilli Palmer, Irene Worth. M, W & Th: 8.0 (ends 10.30). Sat Mat: 2.30 (ends 5.0). Opened 14 Apr 1966. Ends 30 July

THE SOUND OF MUSIC, Palace, Cambridge Circus, W1 (GER 6834). Composers: Rodgers and Hammerstein. Book: Lindsay and Crouse. Dir: Jerome Whyte. Cast: Sonia Rees, Eunice Gayson, Donald Scott. Nazi invasion in the background; sweetness to the fore. 7.30 (ends 10.25). W & Sat: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 18 May 1961

SPRING & PORT WINE, Apollo, Shaftesbury Avenue (GER 2663). Author: Bill Naughton. Dir: Allan Davis. Cast: Alfred Marks, Ruth Dunning. A heavy Lancastrian father has a rebellious family on his hands. 8.0 (ends 10.15). Th & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.40 (ends 10.55). Opened 19 Nov 1965

Victor Henry in "When Did You Last See My Mother"

STRIKE A LIGHT, Piccadilly Theatre, opposite Regent Palace Hotel, W1 (GER 4506). Authors: Joyce Adcock/Gordon Caleb. Another musical about the match-girls' strike. Dir: Ross Taylor. Cast: Evelyn Laye, Jeannie Carson, John Fraser, Josephine Blake. 7.45. Th Mat: 3.0. Sat: 5.0, 8.15. Opened 5 July 1966

THERE'S A GIRL IN MY SOUP, Globe, Shaftesbury Avenue, W1 (GER 1592). Author: Terence Frisby. Dir: Robert Chetwyn, Cookery journalist meets kooky girl. Cast: Donald Sinden, Barbara Ferris, John Pertwee. 8.15 (ends 10.30). Fri & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.15); 8.45 (ends 11.0). Opened 15 June 1966

THE WAITING GAME, Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, WC2 (TEM 3334). Author: Leonard Samson. Dir: Hugh Goldie. Cast: George Cole, Clarkson Rose, Penny Morrell, Carole Mowlam, Ivor Danvers, James Ottaway. 8.0. Sat: 5.30, 8.30. Opened 7 July 1966

WHEN DID YOU LAST SEE MY MOTHER, Comedy, Panton Street, SW1 (WHI 2578). Author: Christopher Hampton. Dir: Robert Kidd. Homosexual theme. Cast: Victor Henry, Julian Holloway, Gwen Watford, Christopher Matthews, Lucy Fleming. 8.30 (ends 10.30). W & Sat: 6.0 (ends 8.0); 8.30 (ends 10.30). Opened 4 July 1966. Ends 23 July

YOU NEVER CAN TELL, Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (WHI 9832). Author: G B Shaw. The new woman and old-fashioned values. Dir: Glen Byam Shaw. Cast: Sir Ralph Richardson, Jack Gwillim, Avice Landon, Keith Baxter. 7.45 (ends 10.30). Sat: 5.0 (ends 7.45); 8.15 (ends 11.0). W: 2.30 (ends 5.15). Opened 12 Jan 1966. Ends 17 Sep

REPERTORY

ENGLISH STAGE COMPANY, Royal Court Theatre, Sloane Square, SW1 (SLO 1745). Th 14 July-Sat 16 July: THE VOYSEY INHERITANCE. Author: Harley Granville Barker. Dir: Jane Howell. Cast: Sebastian Shaw, Gwen Nelson, John Castle, Avril Elgar, Jeffrey Wickham. 7.30 (ends 10.35). Sat Mat: 3.0 (ends 6.5)

T 19 July & W 20 July: UBU ROI. Author: Alfred Jarry. (Translation and adaptation by Iain Cuthbertson). Music: Frank Spedding. Dir: Iain Cuthbertson. Cast: Max Wall, John Shepherd, Timothy Carlton, Bernard Gallagher, Robert Powell, Colin Welland, Janette Legge. 7.30 (These two performances are for members of the English Stage Society only: first public performance Th 21 July)

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, Aldwych Theatre, WC2 (TEM 6404). Th 14 July-T 19 July: DAYS IN THE TREES. Author: Marguerite Duras. Dir: John Schlesinger. Cast: Peggy Ashcroft, George Baker, Frances Cuka. 8.0 (ends 10.5)

Sat 16 July & W 20 July: TANGO. Author: Slawomir Mrozek. Dir: Trevor Nunn. Cast: Dudley Sutton, Pauline Jameson, Peter Jeffrey, Mike Pratt, Patience Collier, Robert Eddison, Ursula Mohan. Sat: 2.30 only (ends 4.45). T: 8.0 (ends 10.15)

OUT OF TOWN

CHICHESTER FESTIVAL THEATRE, Oaklands Park, Chichester, Sussex (OCH3 86333). Th 14 July-Sat 16 July: THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE. Authors: George Colman and David Garrick. Dir: Desmond O'Donovan. Cast: Alastair Sim, Margaret Rutherford, Bill Fraser, Ann Beach, Sarah Badel, John Standing. 7.0

Th 14 July & Sat 16 July: THE FIGHTING COCK. Author. Jean Anouilh. Dir: Norman Marshall. Cast: John Clements, Zena Walker, Sarah Badel, Michael Aldridge, Bill Fraser, Clive Swift, John Standing. 2.0 only

T 19 July: THE CHERRY ORCHARD. Author: Anton Chekhov. Dir: Lindsay Anderson. Cast: Celia Johnson, Sarah Badel, Hugh Williams, Tom Courtenay, Ray McAnally, Bill Fraser, John Standing, John Laurie. 7.0

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY, Stratford - upon - Avon, Warwickshire (OST9 2271). Th 14 July & Sat 16 July: HENRY IV, PART I. Author: Shakespeare. Dir: John Barton, Trevor Nunn and Clifford Williams. Cast: Tony Church, Ian Holm, Paul Rogers, Norman Rodway, David Waller, Godfrey Quigley, John Normington. Th: 2.0. Sat: 7.30

Th 14 July & M 18 July: HENRY IV, PART II. Author: Shakespeare. Dir: John Barton, Trevor Nunn, Clifford Williams. Cast: Tony Church, Ian Holm, Paul Rogers, Norman Rodway, Donald Burton, Michael Jayston, Christopher Bidmead. 7.30

F 15 July & W 20 July: TWELFTH NIGHT. Author: Shakespeare. Dir: Clifford Williams. Cast: Diana Rigg, Estelle Kohler, Patsy Byrne, Ian Holm, Norman Rodway. F: 7.30. W: 2.0, 7.30

Sat 16 July & T 19 July: HAMLET. Author: Shakespeare. Dir: Peter Hall. Cast: David Warner, Elizabeth Spriggs, Brewster Mason, Estelle Kohler, Tony Church, Michael Jayston, Donald Burton, John Bell. Sat: 2.0. T: 7.30

YVONNE ARNAUD THEATRE, Millbrook, Guildford, Surrey (OGU3 60191). THE FLIP SIDE. Authors: Hugh and Margaret Williams. Dir: Jack Minster. Cast: Edward de Souza, Jane Downs, Joanna Dunham, Bernard Horsfall. 7.45. Sat: 5.0, 8.0. Th Mat: 2.30

BALLET

Western Theatre Ballet's two-week season at Sadler's Wells was represented by a varied repertoire of old favourites like *Street Games* and *Mods and Rockers '63*, some less familiar, such as *Wedding Present* and *Jeux*, and two new productions, *Trial* and *Las Hermanas*. Darrell's *Sun Into Darkness*, first given at the "Wells" last April, has since been tidied up somewhat (or do we view the earthiness of its plot more easily now?), and additional viewings reveal moments of pathos that previously seemed blurred by its initial unconventionalisms.

MacMillan's *Las Hermanas*, performed for the first time in London on 28 June, has been rather loosely based on Lorca's *House of Bernard Alba*. It's a tough story on paper, but told with such simplicity in dance – and this type of ballet can be *danced* without sticking in the odd *pirouette* and *arabesque* every so often – that the underlying significance came over without shocking unnecessarily. Special mention, I feel, for Elaine McDonald's Eldest Sister and Nicholas Georgiadis's sets.

Beatle ballet

Then came 30 June . . . and wham! Things seemed brighter, cleaner, funnier – *funnier*? Well, they did. Darrell's Beatle ballet *Mods and Rockers '63*, for all its quaint out-datedness, is tremendous fun – for the dancers, I'm sure, as much as for the audience – and Bronwen Curry was equally as hilarious as a way-out Mod as she was as a Little Girl in Walter Gore's *Street Games* a couple of nights earlier. Now came *A Wedding Present*, certainly not funny but among the brighter of Darrell's ballets, and danced with enormous power by Laverne Meyer. Cranko's almost Romantic *Beauty and the Beast* perhaps doesn't sit so comfortably in WTB's repertory, but it was, nevertheless, given an exquisite interpretation by wee Donna Day Washington.

But things stayed dead serious for the première of Meyer's *Trial*, to music by Alban Berg, and backed by Terence Emery's superb designs. Here is a ballet, set in the fantasy world of a young girl, which cries out for all the dance clichés that ever were; and, inevitably, there are one or two, just as every now and again we get a *pirouette en attitude* to remind us that they're wearing *pointe*-shoes. Yet, despite this, Meyer conceives a very personal idiom, told in terms of dance and gesture that never seem commonplace. Jacqueline Haslam, as the confused girl, danced with a dramatic brilliance new to her.

ian woodward

FILMS

FIRST FIVE: 1 Exterminating Angel. 2 Tom Jones. 3 Becket. 4 Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? 5 Cul-de-Sac.

"You are cordially invited to George and Martha's for an evening of fun and games," said the Press show ticket for *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (X, Curzon, Curzon Street, currently). But George and Martha's idea of fun and games, at least at the start of the film, is a marathon, macabre shouting match, in which the young couple who are their guests for the evening become semi-willing participants. Before morning, all the agonies, the grievances of a 20-year failed marriage have thickened the air, the young couple are revealed to be less white than they would have us think, and there is a glimmer of light for George and Martha at the end of the tunnel.

The film (I almost said the play, so stodgy and static is Mike Nichols' direction) depends almost entirely for its effect on its very powerful dialogue, originally the creation of Edward Albee, now admirably translated for the screen in Ernest Lehman's screenplay, which leaves sufficient strong language to pre-

David Janssen, in "Warning Shot," plays (wait for it) a detective unjustly accused of killing a well-known doctor.

serve the flavour of the thing, without alienating the more general cinema-going public from the start. Alex North's music score offsets the mood in exactly the right proportion.

As Martha and George, Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton never quite get away from the fact of being Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton, although Miss Taylor, deglamorised at least about the face, and looking most unlike her *Sandpiper* image, is every bit as good as we have any right to expect. Burton has the inflection in his voice to be perhaps just half a street ahead of her from the start, and stays that much ahead. Their lighter scenes are the most successful. The main weakness in the acting is George Segal (whom I have previously lauded loudly), who seems quite bewildered and unable to cope with so deep a situation for most of the time.

The plot structure itself remains intensely interesting, even though most of the scenes justify only three-quarters of the time spent on them. And I couldn't believe that the young couple would have stayed at George and Martha's to listen to the tirade that leads up to a delayed climax.

● "Nobody will believe I've changed," says the "new" Elvis Presley in *Paradise – Hawaiian Style* (U, Plaza, Piccadilly Circus, currently). He hasn't, not so you'd notice.

david quinlan

OPENING

A CHILD IS WAITING (X). A difficult subject, mentally defective children, gets well-meaning treatment, at times achieving genuine pathos in its depiction of the spontaneous life of the institution in which the children live. But its attempt to focus on one case history is awkward and stilted. Made in 1962. (Judy Garland, Burt Lancaster. Dir: John Cassavetes. 110 min.) *London Pavilion, Piccadilly Circus.* GER 2982. 10.30, 1.0, 3.55, 6.15, 8.55. Sun: 3.35, 6.15, 8.55. Opens 14 July

ONE OF OUR SPIES IS MISSING (U). The fourth UNCLE film is yet another two-part TV serial converted to the screen for British audiences. More serious than its predecessors in places, but just as dull, with a very stolid lot of villains. (Robert Vaughn, David McCallum, Vera Miles, Maurice Evans, Yvonne Craig. Dir: E. Darrell Hallenbeck. Col. 91 min.) *Ritz, Leicester Square.* GER 1234 and *Jacey, Marble Arch.* MAY 6396. Opens 14 July

A TRAP FOR CINDERELLA (X). A rather plodding French Italian thriller, directed by Andre Cayatte, about a girl who escapes from a fire in which her cousin is killed, inherits a fortune, but becomes a victim of amnesia and comes to believe that she is really her cousin. (Madeleine Robinson, Dany Carrel. 110 min.) *La Continentale, Tottenham Court Road,* MUS 4193. Opens 14 July

WEST END

BATTLE OF THE BULGE (A). Modern warfare effectively shown as the stuff of Cinerama. (Henry Fonda, Robert Shaw, Pier Angeli. Col. 163 min.) *Coliseum, St Martin's Lane.* TEM 3161. 2.30, 8.0. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.45, 11.55. Sun: 4.0, 7.30

BECKET (A). Peter Glenville's extremely successful costume spectacle of the play about Thomas A'Becket, by Anouilh, with Richard Burton as Becket, and Peter O'Toole as a showy, near hysterical Henry II. (Martita Hunt, Sian Phillips. Col. 149 min.) *Metropole, Victoria.* VIC 4673. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THE BLUE MAX (A). A flying story of the 1914-18 War, filmed in colour on location in Ireland. George Peppard plays an unscrupulous young German flier, prepared to do anything to gain the Blue Max, the most coveted medal the Kaiser's air force can gain. A certain winner with aviation fanatics. (James Mason, Ursula Andress. Col. 155 min.) *Odeon, Leicester Square.* WHI 6111. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.0, 8.0

CUL-DE-SAC (X). Roman Polanski turns a deft hand to black comedy. Donald Pleasence plays a pathetic middle-aged man and Françoise Dorleac his bored and flighty young wife. Holy Island provides magnificent location shots. (Lionel Stander. 111 min.) *Cameo-Poly, Upper Regent Street.* LAN 1744. Pgm: 1.0, 3.25, 5.50, 8.15. Sun: 3.30, 5.55, 8.20

DARLING . . . (X). The director, John Schlesinger, attempts to lay bare the decadence of contemporary life, and succeeds only in misplaced, rather aimless bitterness. (Julie Christie, Dirk Bogarde, Laurence Harvey. 127 min.) *Windmill, Great Windmill Street.* GER 7413. 1.0, 3.33, 6.8, 8.45. Sat: Late Show 11.0. Sun: 4.0, 6.33, 9.8. (Check with cinema)

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (A). The long-awaited production of Boris Pasternak's novel, directed by David Lean, with screenplay by Robert Bolt. With Omar Shariff as Yuri Zhivago and Julie Christie unforgettable as Lara. Good entertainment. (Geraldine Chaplin, Tom Courtenay, Alec Guinness. Col. 193 min.) *Empire, Leicester Square.* GER 1234. 2.30, 7.30. Sat only: 11.30 pm. Sun: 3.0, 7.30

EXTERMINATING ANGEL (X). Luis Buñuel's masterly and disquietening film, about a group of rich and elegant people, who gather for a dinner party and find that they are unable to leave, for no rational reason, when it ends. (Silvia Pinal, Augusto Benedico. B & W. 90 min.) *Academy Two, Oxford Street.* GER 5129. With: *The Crime of M Lange* (A). 1.55, 5.0, 8.10. Sun: 4.30, 7.40

I WAS HAPPY HERE (A), traces the gradual disillusionment of Cass (played by Sarah Miles), who leaves her husband and returns to her native Irish village to recapture a former love affair. (Sean Caffrey, Cyril Cusack, Julian Glover. 91 min.) *Warner, Leicester Square.* GER 3423. 2.4, 4.27, 6.52, 9.19. Sun: 3.49, 6.19, 8.54

KHARTOUM (U). Colossal battle scenes and an all-star cast, have been added to strict historical accuracy. Charlton Heston plays General Gordon and Laurence Olivier is the Mahdi. (Ralph Richardson, Richard Johnson. Col. Cinerama. 130 min.) *Casino, Old Compton Street,* W1. GER 6877. 2.30, 7.45. Sat: 2.0, 5.20, 8.40, 11.45. Sun: 4.30, 7.50

LOST COMMAND (A). Action-packed, bloodthirsty story of fighting in Algeria. Entertaining, if somewhat overlong. George Segal confirms the good impression he made in *King Rat.* (Anthony Quinn, Alain Delon, Claudia Cardinale. Dir: Mark Robson. Col. 130 min.) *Columbia, Shaftesbury Avenue.* REG 5414. 12.55, 3.25, 6.0, 8.35. Sat: Late Show 11.30. Sun: 3.30, 6.0, 8.25. (Check with cinema)

LT ROBIN CRUSOE, USN (U). A Walt Disney attempt at an up-to-date version of Defoe. Dick Van Dyke finds himself marooned on a desert island. Akim Tamiroff plays a head-hunting chief, and Nancy Kwan his lovely, spear-wielding daughter. There is little genuine amusement in this long-drawn-out piece. (Col. 114 min.) *Studio One, Oxford Street.* GER 3300. 3.35, 5.40, 8.45. Sun: 2.35, 5.40, 8.45

MEDITERRANEAN HOLIDAY (U). German Cinerama semi-documentary, about a party of seacadets who sail aboard a Swedish three-master, to Portugal, Egypt and Yugoslavia. A long voyage. Narrator: Burl Ives. (Col. Cinerama. 115 min.) *Royalty, Kingsway,* WC2. HOL 8004. 2.30, 8.0. Sat: 2.30, 5.45, 8.40. Sun: 5.0, 8.0

MODESTY BLAISE (A). Joseph Losey's first excursion into strip cartoon cinema, elegantly mounted and directed with great flair. Monica Vitti is a surprisingly animated Modesty and Dirk Bogarde superb as the arch-villain. (Terence Stamp. Col. 120 min.) *Rialto, Coventry Street.* GER 3488. 1.15, 3.40, 6.10, 8.40. Sat late show: 11.55. Sun: 3.25, 5.55, 8.25

MORGAN – A SUITABLE CASE FOR TREATMENT (A). Morgan Delt (David Warner), a gentle dreamer, a failed artist, has a strange affinity with gorillas, and escapes from reality with fantasies of Tarzan and King Kong. (Vanessa Redgrave, Irene Handl. 97 min.) *Berkeley, Tottenham Court Road.* MUS 8150. 2.35, 5.45, 8.45. Sun: 5.45, 8.45. With: *Tokyo Olympiad* (U). (Check with cinema)

OTHELLO (U). Faithful record of the National Theatre production with Laurence Olivier giving a performance that salutes greatness as the Moor. (Maggie Smith, Frank Finlay. Col. 170 min.) *Odeon, Haymarket.* WHI 2738. 2.30, 7.30. Sat: 12.30, 4.5, 7.45. Sun: 4.30, 6.0

PARADISE – HAWAIIAN STYLE (U). Elvis Presley once more finds himself in Hawaii, in a flimsy story about the mishaps of a charter pilot. Cues for songs abound. (Susanna Leigh. Col. 91 min.) *Plaza, Piccadilly Circus.* WHI 8944. 2.6, 4.18, 6.31, 8.51. Sun: 3.36, 5.56, 8.21. Ends 27 July

THE RARE BREED (U). A genial western, centring round Victorian dicator, a hornless Hereford, who arrives in America at the turn of the century to be used for breeding purposes. James Stewart, as a grizzled ranch hand, and Brian Keith, an eccentric, beef-buying Scot, provide some comedy relief to a sentimental evening. Maureen O'Hara. Col. 97 min.) *Leicester Square Theatre.* WHI 525: 1.50, 4.14, 6.39, 9.5. Sun: 4.14, 6.3 9.5

SHE & HE (U). The husband is played by Eiji Okada, and his wife by Sachiko Hidari, who gives a thoroughly mannered performance. The shaking, hand-held camerawork is rather distracting. (115 min.) *Academy One, Oxford Street.* GER 2981. 12.55, 3.3 6.20, 9.10. Sun: 5.40, 8.30. With: *Rembrandt's Christ* (U)

THE SOUND OF MUSIC (U). Hosts of singing nuns and children. Christopher Plummer is the somewhat authoritarian father of the brood; Julie Andrews another wholesome governess. Peggy Wood, Eleanor Parker. Col. Todd-AO. 170 min.) *Dominion, Tottenham Court Road,* W1. MUS 2176. 2.30, 8.0. Sun: 4.30, 8.0

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS (U). A revival of Cecil B. de Mille's lavish pseudo-marathon, with much reverence, but little historical sense. Charlton Heston and Yvonne de Carlo are good, and Vincent Price and Edward G Robinson do excellent character work. Extras by the thousand. (Yul Brynner. Col. 219 min.) *Astoria, Charing Cross Road,* GER 5385. 2.0, 7.0. Sun: 6.0

THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES (U). A slender pretext for collecting together a whole host of international stars for an air race between London and Paris. There are some good shots of early aeroplanes, but little or no feeling for comic effect. (Terry-Thomas, Sarah Miles, Robert Morley, Gert Frobe, Stuart Whitman, James Fox, Eric Sykes. Col. 130 min.) *Carlton, Haymarket.* WHI 3711. 2.40, 5.30, 8.15. Sat: 12.10, 2.50, 5.30, 8.15, 11.15. Sun: 2.40, 5.28, 8.15

WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF? (X). Directed rather self-consciously by Mike Nichols. It centres round a middle-aged couple and their violent, utterly destructive quarrels, in which they ruthlessly tear at each other's weaknesses. The couple are well played by Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. (George Segal, Sandy Dennis. 132 min.) *Curzon, Curzon Street.* GRO 3737. 12.50, 3.20, 5.55, 8.25. Fri & Sat: Late Show 11.0. Sun: 3.0, 5.30, 8.10

GENERAL RELEASE

* Sunday programme differs

DISTRICT DIRECTORY

Baker Street Classic. 26, 29, 30.
Bayswater ABC. 15.
Belmont Essoldo. 4.
Brixton Classic. 1, 48.
Camberwell Grand. 23, 35.
Charing Cross Road Jacey. 18.
Chelsea Classic. 21.
Chelsea Essoldo. 17, 42.
Dalston Classic. 33, 49.
Edgware Road ABC. 51.
Finchley Rex. 41.
Fulham Road ABC. 51.
Golders Green Ionic. 41.
***Hackney Essoldo.** 12, 46.
Hammersmith Broadway. 45.
Hampstead Everyman. 9, 31.
Harrow Road Prince of Wales. 34.
Hendon Gala. 22.
***Islington Rex.** 32, 33.
Kilburn Classic. 44.
Notting Hill Classic. 24, 25, 47.
***Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse.** 2, 20.
Oxford Street Cinephone. 16.
Piccadilly Classic. 19.
Piccadilly Jacey. 14.
Praed Street Classic. 48.
Putney Globe. 3, 22.
Queensbury Essoldo. 6, 42.
Raynes Park Rialto. 3, 27.
***Southfields Plaza.** 42.
***Stepney Essoldo.** 4.
Stockwell Classic. 37, 40.
Tooting Astoria. 36, 43.
Tooting Classic. 5, 13.
***Victoria Biograph.** 10, 38.
Victoria Cameo. 8, 28.
Walthamstow Granada. 7.
Wandsworth Road Granada. 50.
Waterloo Station Classic. 11, 39.

ADVENTURE

1 **Demetrius and the Gladiators** (A). Victor Mature. Mon, 4 days: Brixton Classic. With: Four Guns to the Border (U)

2 **Taras Bulba** (U). Yul Brynner, Tony Curtis. Until Sat: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. With: The Gentle Terror (U)

3 **Our Man Flint** (A). James Coburn. Sun, 7 days: Putney Globe. With: 30 Years of Fun (U). Until Sat: Raynes Park Rialto. With: March of the Movies (U).

COMEDIES

4 **Alfie** (X). Michael Caine. Mon, 6 days: Stepney Essoldo. With: Wheel of Fire (A). Sun, 7 days: Belmont Essoldo. With: The Love Goddesses (X)

5 **Carry On, Jack** (A). Bernard Cribbins. Fri, 3 days: Tooting Classic. With: Doctor in Distress (A)

6 **Doctor in Clover** (A). Leslie Phillips. Until Sat: Queensbury Essoldo. With: Dateline Diamonds (U)

7 **It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World** (U). Spencer Tracy, Ethel Merman. Fri, 7 days: Walthamstow Granada

8 **The Pink Panther** (A). Peter Sellers. Until Sat: Victoria Cameo

9 **La Ronde** (X). Jane Fonda, Anna Karina. Until Sun: Hampstead Everyman

10 **Sex and the Single Girl** (A). Natalie Wood. Until Sat: Victoria Biograph. With: Undesirable Neighbour (U)

11 **A Shot in the Dark** (A). Peter Sellers. Mon, 4 days: Waterloo Station Classic

12 **What a Carve-Up!** (U) Kenneth Connor. Until Sat: Hackney Essoldo. With: The Wooden Horse (U)

13 **What a Way to Go!** (A). Shirley MacLaine. Mon, 4 days: Tooting Classic. With: Carry On, Admiral (U)

DOCUMENTARY

14 **Karamoja** (A) Piccadilly Jacey

15 **Tokyo Olympiad** (U). Fri, 7 days: Bayswater ABC

RANK RELEASE NORTH

From Fri: DUEL AT DIABLO (A). A frontier western with a vein of brutality in a familiar theme: the conflict between the white man and the Indian. James Garner plays a squaw-man and Sidney Poitier a horse-breaker. Neil Hefti's unusual music score is highly effective. A must for western addicts. (Bibi Andersson, *–above–* Bill Travers, Dennis Weaver. Dir: Ralph Nelson. Col. 104 min), With: **Boy, Did I Get a Wrong Number!** (U). Ends Thurs 21 July.

RANK RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: LOST COMMAND (A). Action-packed, bloodthirsty story of a colonel in the French army who, deprived of his command after the war in Indo-China, is given a last chance when fighting breaks out in Algeria. Entertaining if somewhat overlong. George Segal confirms the impression he made in *King Rat*. (Anthony Quinn *–above–* Alain Delon, Claudia Cardinale. Dir: Mark Robson. Col. 130 min.) With: **New Faces of Taiwan** or **Taiwan Today** (U). Ends Thurs 21 July.

ABC RELEASE NORTH

From Fri: THE GLASS BOTTOM BOAT (U). Doris Day *–above–* this time as a widow, in a frenzied comedy about a space laboratory. Director Frank Tashlin tries hard to be funny and quite often carries it off: transvestite jokes, ingenious gadgetry, hectic chases and all. Rod Taylor is the rather solid engineering wizard. (Arthur Godfrey, Dom de Luise, Paul Lynde, Dick Martin, Edward Andrews. Col. 110 min.) With: **The Alphabet Murders** (U). Ends Thurs 21 July.

ABC RELEASE SOUTH

From Fri: THE OSCAR (X). This ostensibly daring exposé of Hollywood and its system of awards, based on the novel by Richard Sale, turns out, not unsurprisingly, to be a thinly disguised exploitation of both. The acting reaches an hysterical pitch, but the film is rather watchable on its own bad level. (Stephen Boyd, Elke Sommer *–above–* Joseph Cotten, Milton Berle, Tony Bennett. Dir: Russell Rouse. Col. 121 min.) With: **Paris Pickup** (A). Ends Thurs 21 July.

DRAMA

16 **All About Loving** (X). Anna Karina, Elsa Martinelli. Oxford Street Cinephone

17 **Le Bonheur** (X). Jean-Claude Drouot. Until Sat: Chelsea Essoldo. With: 38-24-36 (X)

18 **The Decadent Influence** (A). Janine Magna. Charing Cross Road Jacey. With: Depths of the Human Body (A)

19 **Desirée** (A). Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons. Fri, 7 days: Piccadilly Classic

20 **Guns of Darkness** (A). David Niven. Leslie Caron. Mon, 3 days: Notting Hill Imperial Playhouse. With: Black Zoo (X)

21 **Hamlet** (U). Innokenti Smoktunovsky, Anastasia Vertinska. Fri, 7 days: Chelsea Classic

22 **Juliet of the Spirits** (X). Giulietta Masina. Until Sat: Hendon Gala, Putney Globe. With: Incident at Owl Creek (A). (Putney only)

23 **The L-Shaped Room** (X). Tom Bell, Leslie Caron. Mon, 3 days: Camberwell Grand. With: Live Now, Pay Later (X)

24 **No Love for Johnnie** (X). Peter Finch. Fri, 15 July only, 11.15 pm: Notting Hill Classic

25 **La Notte** (X). Jeanne Moreau, Marcello Mastroianni, Monica Vitti. Fri, 3 days: Notting Hill Classic. Late show Sat 11.15 pm

26 **The Passenger** (A). Aleksandra Slaska, Anna Ciepielewska. Fri 15 July only, 11.15 pm: Baker Street Classic

27 **A Patch of Blue** (A). Sidney Poitier. Sun, 4 days: Raynes Park Rialto. With: Made in Paris (A)

28 **Repulsion** (X). Catherine Deneuve. Sun, 4 days: Victoria Cameo

29 **The Roman Spring of Mrs Stone** (X). Vivien Leigh, Warren Beatty. Fri, 3 days: Baker Street Classic. Late show Sat 11.15 pm

30 **Seven Days in May** (U). Burt Lancaster, Ava Gardner. Mon, 4 days: Baker Street Classic

31 **Term of Trial** (X). Laurence Olivier, Sarah Miles. Mon, 7 days: Hampstead Everyman

32 **The Yellow Rolls-Royce** (A). Rex Harrison, Jeanne Moreau, Shirley MacLaine, Ingrid Bergman. Until Sat: Islington Rex. With: The Sheepman (A)

HORROR

33 **House of Wax** (X). Vincent Price. Mon, 4 days: Dalston Classic. Mon, 3 days: Islington Rex. With: Phantom of the Rue Morgue (X)

34 **Tarantula** (X). John Agar. Fri, 7 days: Harrow Road Prince of Wales. With: Frankenstein Meets the Wolf Man (X)

MUSICALS

35 **Fun in Acapulco** (U). Elvis Presley. Until Sat: Camberwell Grand. With: Law of the Lawless (U)

36 **Jailhouse Rock** (U). Elvis Presley. Until Sat: Tooting Astoria. With: It Happened at the World's Fair (U)

THRILLERS

37 **Al Capone** (A). Rod Steiger. Mon, 4 days: Stockwell Classic. With: Pretty Boy Floyd (A)

38 **Fail Safe** (A). Henry Fonda. Mon, 3 days: Victoria Biograph. With: Edge of Eternity (A)

39 **The League of Gentlemen** (A). Jack Hawkins, Nigel Patrick. Fri, 3 days: Waterloo Station Classic

40 **Marnie** (X). Sean Connery, "Tippi" Hedren. Fri, 3 days: Stockwell Classic

41 **The Moving Target** (A). Paul Newman. Fri, 7 days: Finchley Rex. Sun, 7 days: Golders Green Ionic

42 **The Silencers** (A). Dean Martin, Stella Stevens. Until Sat: Southfields Plaza. Sun, 7 days: Chelsea Essoldo, Queensbury Essoldo

43 **The Spy Who Went Into Hell** (A). Ray Danton, Pascale Petit. Sun, 7 days: Tooting Astoria. With: Gun Hawk (U)

WESTERNS

44 **The Comancheros** (A). John Wayne. Fri, 7 days: Kilburn Classic. With: Carry On, Jack (A)

45 **The Fiend Who Walked the West** (X). Hugh O'Brian. Fri, 7 days: Hammersmith Broadway

46 **Geronimo** (A). Chuck Connors. Sun, 4 days: Hackney Essoldo. With: Johnny Cool (A)

47 **The Last Sunset** (A). Rock Hudson, Kirk Douglas. Mon, 4 days: Notting Hill Classic

48 **The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance** (U). James Stewart, John Wayne. Fri, 3 days: Brixton Classic. Fri, 7 days: Praed Street Classic

49 **Sergeants 3** (U). Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin, Sammy Davis Jnr. Fri, 3 days: Dalston Classic. With: The Golden Blade (U)

50 **The Sons of Katie Elder** (U). John Wayne, Dean Martin. Fri, 5 days: Wandsworth Road Granada (Not Mon & Wed: Bingo)

PRE-RELEASE

51 **The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm** (U). Laurence Harvey, Karl Boehm. Fri, 7 days: Edgware Road ABC, Fulham Road ABC. With: Laurel and Hardy's Laughing 20s (U)

FILMS IN FLIGHT

AIR FRANCE, West-bound. To New York: The Cincinnati Kid. To Los Angeles and Montreal: Lord Jim. Until 19 July

TWA, East/West-bound. All flights: Born Free. Until 16 July. Stagecoach. From 17 July

PAN-AM, West-bound. The Alphabet Murders. Until 30 July. Eastbound: Assault on a Queen. Until 30 July

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GALLERIES

FIRST FIVE: 1 René Magritte (Zwemmer). 2 Poetic Image (Hanover). 3 & 4 Aubrey Beardsley and Islamic Jades (V & A). 5 Duchamp (Tate).

Anthony Roland's most recent film, *Rembrandt's Christ*, now showing at the Academy Cinema One, is a bold attempt to be simple, illuminating and fresh in approach. The drawings from which the film is made are so beautiful in themselves and so memorable as images, that my reservations about the film as a whole may seem carping.

There are no written or spoken words, only music. A good idea, but, as the music is banal and whining (which Rembrandt never was), only half a point is won. Secondly, the film is specifically titled and some sort of art history is necessary if the public is to comprehend why Rembrandt's Christ may be different from any other artist's Christ. The film only uses drawings and most of these belong to a special area of religious, mythological and historical subjects, some 600 works in all, that Rembrandt made throughout his life. No one has ever made anything like them. They are self-contained works of art, not studies for paintings, and were seemingly drawn for the artist's own satisfaction.

Rembrandt was a second generation Dutch republican.

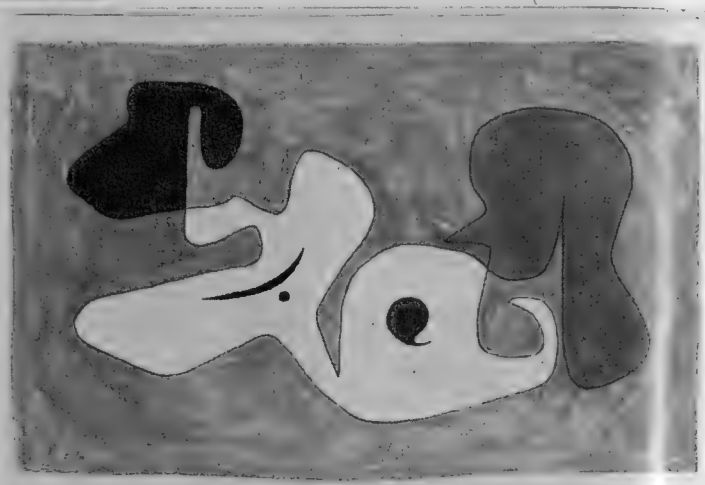
Memorial exhibition of the influential American sculptor David Smith, at the Tate in August, will contain about 45 pieces from 1930–1965.

The drawings are expressive of the specific ideals of the Mennonite Sect of the Protestant Church, to which Rembrandt was evidently sympathetic. To the Mennonites, as to him, every Bible story was looked upon as of immediate reality, and without dogmatic preconception. The drawings (and his religious paintings) have a textual correspondence as close as that found in any Renaissance picture. In other words, we have to look at them as particular rather than as general illustrations.

Mr Roland has selected a sequence that illustrates the life of Christ up to the Crucifixion. These dramatic scenes have been interpolated, brilliantly, with calm, expansive landscapes and further figure studies and *genre* drawings. These latter, invariably drawn directly from life, further underline the main point of interest that emerges from the idea of this film. Namely, that the Christ image itself remains elusive and without specific delineation – in contrast to the teeming vitality and characterisation that surrounds Him.

Christ appears as the cause of action but His hands are often more dramatically incisive than His head.

keith sutton



"Influenz," 1932, by Paul Klee, at the Marlborough Gallery.

OPENING

AIA, 15 Lisle Street, WC2. GER 4946. Madeleine Pearson, Wendy Yeo – paintings; Francis Myers – prints; Lower gallery, George Pearson – landscapes. 15 July-3 Aug. M-F 11-6, Sat 11-4

DAVID HOCKNEY, Kasmin, 118 New Bond Street, W1. MAY 2821. Drawings for Ubu Roi and etchings for Cavafy poems. 21 July-6 Aug. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

NEW IDIOMS, Robert Fraser, 69 Duke Street, W1. MAY 7196. Group show, American and British and some new faces. 20 July-Sept. M-F 10-6, Sat 11-1

ARTHUR TOOTH, 31 Bruton Street, W1. GRO 6741. 19th- and 20th-century French painters. 18 July-13 Sept. M-F 9.30-6, Sat 9.30-1

LEICESTER, 4 Audley Street, W1. MAY 1159. Gallery Group. 21 July-18 Aug. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

MADDEN, 77 Duke Street, W1. HYD 5854. Modern French group including Gauguin and Van Dongen. 14 July-5 Aug. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1, Sun 10-6

CURRENT

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell Street, WC1. MUS 1555. A further selection of masterpieces from the Print Room: New Guinea; the Sepik Headwaters 1963-4; Far Eastern screen painting. Daily 10.5, Sun 2.30-6

MARCEL DUCHAMP. Tate Gallery, Millbank, SW1. TAT 4444. First fully comprehensive retrospective exhibition. Until 31 July. M-Sat 10-6, T & Th 10-8, Sun 2-6. Adm 5s

HANOVER, 32a St George Street, W1. MAY 0296. The Poetic Image. Until Sept. M-F 10-5.30, Sat 10-1

ICA, 17/18 Dover Street, W1. GRO 6186. Relief structures by Eric Gibson, Colin Jones, Peter Lowe, Andrew Tilberis. Until 13 August. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

KIM LIM, Axiom, 79 Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, W1. HYD 6646. Recent sculptures in various media. Until 6 August. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

PAUL KLEE AND EMIL NOLDE, Marlborough Fine Arts, 39 Old Bond Street, W1. MAY 5161. Paintings and watercolours. Until 16 July. M-F 10-5, Sat 10-12

LORDS GALLERY, 26 Wellington Road, NW8. PRI 4444. 1925 Formalism and Frivolity: French, English and other poster: from 1920 to 1928. Until 12 Sept Daily 10-7 including Sat and Sun

RENE MAGRITTE : DORA BASILIO, Zwemmer, 28 Li hfield Street, WC2. TEM 1793. 2 early paintings by great S: realist artist: abstract etchings b Brazilian print-maker. Until July. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

JEREMY MOON, Rowa 25a Lowndes Street, SW1. BI 3490. Second solo exhibition: recent abstract paintings. Until July. M-F 10-6, Sat 10-1

JACK SIMCOCK, Piccad y, 16a Cork Street, W1. MAY 287 Recent paintings, Until 23 July. M F 10-6, Sat 10-1

VICTORIA & ALBERT M SEUM, Kensington, SW7. KE 6371 Aubrey Beardsley. Islami Jades. Daily 10-6, Sun 2.30-6

SALEROOMS

THURS 14 JULY
Objects of art, English a d Continental furniture, East n rugs and carpets. Christie's. 11 am and 2.30 pm

FRI 15 JULY
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MON 18 JULY
Fine Japanese works of art and metalwork. Sotheby's. 11 am, and also on 19 July 11 am
Coins and medals. Sotheby's. 11 am

TUES 19 JULY
Fine arms, armour and pewter, including a rare miniature flintlock all-steel pistol, *circa* 1790, and pair flintlock boxlock pocket pistols by Staudenmayer. Christie's. 10.30 am

WED 20 JULY
Modern British drawings, paintings and sculpture, including works by Whistler, Munnings, Yeats, Henry Moore, Ben Nicholson, Sutherland, Lowrie, etc. Sotheby's. 11 am

ADDRESSES & VIEWING TIMES

Christie, Manson & Woods, Ltd, 8 King Street, SW1 (TRA 9060) – at least three days before sale
Sotheby & Co, 34 New Bond Street, W1 (HYD 7242) – at least two days before sale

MUSIC

FIRST FIVE: 1 Burning Fiery Furnace, Southwark Cathedral, nightly (not Sun). 2 Magic Flute, Covent Garden (Thur, Tues). 3 LSO and Choir, Guildhall (Fri). 4 English Chamber Orchestra, Guildhall (Tues). 5 St John Passion, St Andrew's, Holborn (Wed).

It *must* be more than coincidence that three top London conducting posts, and positions of musical eminence the world over, are occupied by Hungarians. Istvan Kertesz has his own theory. "Because my country is so small," he explains, "artists have always looked beyond its frontiers. In Italy, or Germany, or even England, their own music is enough. But Hungarian culture, like the Hungarian language, is useless outside. So musicians, from their earliest education, are trained to excel in the international repertoire. And then, of course, they leave."

Chubby, boyish-faced Kertesz, who is 36, but looks younger, has been principal conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra for the past year, musical director of Cologne Opera for two. He is also the husband of Hungarian lyric soprano Edith Gabry, whom he married 15 years ago when they were both students in Budapest. This Friday (15 July) they will make their first joint appearance here, in the Mozart Requiem in the City of London Festival.

Kertesz – the third LSO chief to hail from Hungary –

Istvan Kertesz will make his debut at the new "Met," New York, in the 1968-69 season.

has proved a popular choice; he is vital but not flamboyant, assured but never dogmatic. He trained as a violinist, but always knew he wanted to conduct. "It's something demonic, something that comes from deep inside. But that doesn't mean being a dictator. You couldn't, anyway, at my age. You have to try and *convince* people that your view of the music is right. Like a politician." In Britain he is associated with orchestral music, but opera figures prominently in his career. He thinks the challenge of the "pit" is essential: "No conductor who has not tackled both opera and the concert repertoire can hope to become great."

Like many of his compatriots, Kertesz left Hungary in 1956, when his career was three years old. He has blossomed internationally since then. To date he has conducted 70 fine orchestras, "in every major city outside Russia," and has his own view of national characteristics. "The warmest string sound comes within 50 miles of Vienna. London orchestras are the most intellectual, Italian the least disciplined." He can now visit Hungary, but is barred from conducting – even, ironically, the LSO, when they played there last year.

richard last

CONCERTS

ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL, South Bank, SE1 (WAT 3191). Th 14 July: Der Rosenkavalier (U). Colour film of the Salzburg Festival Performance. Conductor: Von Karajan. 7.15
F 15 July: City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Hugo Rignold. Soloist: Maurice Bourgue (oboe). 8.0
Sat 16 July: The Royal Ballet (U). Colour film starring Fonteyn and Somes. 7.45
Sun 17 July: London Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Kertesz. 7.30
M 18 July: Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Conductor: Neumann. 8.0
Tu 19 July: London Mozart Players. Soloist: Peter Frankl (piano). 8.0

GUILDHALL, EC2. Th 14 July: New Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor: Davis. Soloist: Maurice Gendron (cello). 8.0
F 15 July: London Symphony Orchestra and Choir. Conductor: Kertesz. Soloists: Gabry, Baker, McAlpine. Krause. 8.0
Sat 16 July: New Philharmonia Orchestra. Conductor: Davies. Soloist: Elly Ameling. 8.0

OPERA

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). Th 14 July & Tu 19 July: The Magic Flute, Mozart. Conductor: Solti, 14 July. Balkwill, 19 July. 7.30

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (TER 1672). Th 14 July: Orlando, Handel. Conductor: Anthony Lewis. Principals: Baker, Barrow, Delman, Lee, Rosen. The Chandos Orchestra. 7.30
F 15 & Sat 16 July: Theodora, Handel. Conductor: Charles Farncombe. Principals: Bainbridge, Bowen, Eddy, Shilling, Sinclair. The Chandos Orchestra. Chorus of the Handel Opera Society. 7.30

SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL, SE1. Th 14, Sat 16, M 18 & W 20 July: The Burning Fiery Furnace, Benjamin Britten. English Opera Group. 8.30. Mat: Sat 6.0
F 15 & Tu 19 July: Curlew River, Benjamin Britten. English Opera Society Group. 8.30. Mat F 6.0

BALLET

ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, Covent Garden, WC2 (COV 1066). Sat 16 & M 18 July: Les Sylphides, Chopin/Fokine. The Invitation, Seiber/MacMillan. Raymonda, Act III, Glazounov/Nureyev after Petipa. (1st performance at Covent Garden.) Conductors: Lawrence, Fry. 7.30
W 20 July: Swan Lake, Tchaikowsky and Petipa Ivanov. Conductor: Lawrence. 7.30

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE, Rosebery Avenue, EC1 (TER 1672). Tu 19 & W 20 July: The Sierra Leone National Dance Troupe. 45 dancers and musicians directed by John J Akar. First night Tu 19 July. 7.30

RECITALS

WIGMORE HALL, Wigmore Street, W1 (WEL 2141). Th 14 July: Record Recital. Missa Solemnis, Beethoven. Philharmonia Chorus & Orchestra. Conducted by Klemperer. 7.30. (Last recital of the season)

APOTHECARIES HALL, EC. M 18 July: John Williams (guitar). 8.30

MERCHANT TAYLORS' HALL, EC. Tu 19 July: Yehudi Menuhin and Bath Festival Ensemble, with Fou Ts'Ong and Gaspar Cassado. 8.15

IVEAGH BEQUEST, Kenwood. Sun 17 July: Dennis Brain Wind Ensemble. 7.30

RECORDS

L'Italiana in Algeri: highlights (Decca: LXT 6210 mono). Most highlight discs make one instantly regret not having spent a few extra quid on the whole set; this one doesn't. The 11 extracts have been expertly cut from any dramatic context, being almost like a straight operatic recital, and are well chosen. To have no Act I finale is a pity, but all the distinguished soloists are represented. Leading is Teressa Berganza, whose beautifully oiled coloratura is sumptuously caressing. I prefer my Rossini heroines to have slightly more edge, but *Per lui che adoro* is wondrously seductive. Luigi Alva is the splendid tenor and Silvio Varviso conducts the chorus and orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino.

Bartok: The Miraculous Mandarin, and Divertimento for Strings (Philips: AL 3569). Anyone still labouring under the dated impression that Bartok is horrid, noisy and tuneless might feel that the *Mandarin* proves their point. It is a violent, disturbing score to a violent, sadistic programme – and programme is the key word. Just to delight the fans and confound the critics, the coupling is Bartok's wonderfully spare, almost classical Divertimento. The BBC Symphony Orchestra behaves well for Antal Dorati.

Haydn: Symphonies No. 60 in C (Il Distratto) and No. 52 in C min (Philips: GL 5854). Two unusual symphonies, No. 60 particularly interesting since it represents incidental music to a play. It's full of those mild jokes that apparently used to make 18th century audiences fall about. A good coupling for the Haydn-lover, but I feel this music needs a crisper recording to be really arresting. David Blum conducts the Esterhazy Orchestra.

Kodaly: Hary Janos suite and The Peacock Variations (RCA: RB 6663). A brilliant coupling, brilliantly played, brilliantly recorded – and a mighty pretty sleeve illustration as a bonus. I don't think they need to say "the aristocrat of orchestras" on the front, but never mind. I haven't heard Kodaly's marvellous scoring, springing wit and depth of melody so well realised for ages – some of *Hary Janos* made me laugh aloud. Leinsdorf conducts and makes us love every minute of it.

roger baker

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GOOD EATING

Behind every successful man, they say, there's a woman. And this, I can reveal, is the secret of that immensely successful, very Chinese restaurant, the Chinese Lantern, in Thackeray Street, W8. Owner Mr Cheng Looi tells me: "My policy is that people should come as guests in a Chinese house, where, of course, the wife does the cooking. And the person who really handles the cooking in the Lantern House is a 28-year-old girl."

For the last five years, I learned, Miss Doreena Yeo has provided the delicately-flavoured food in this tiny (30 places) restaurant. She was born in Hong Kong, and learned her trade by working in restaurants throughout South-East Asia. Her assistant chef is a woman, too: Miss Lean Heoh Ooi.

Cheng Looi confided: "It won't be detrimental that people know that we score because a lady is doing our cooking. I consider you will only get such artistry from a woman." Cheng himself prefers to sit in the background at the Lantern. He even leaves the running to Chinese waitresses – his aunt and his cousin, as it happens. This really is like walking into a Chinese home. From the moment you arrive, and an attractive young girl shows you the restaurant's *Welcome* mat – this reads "Welcome: for without your graceful presence the Lantern Room would be like a garden without flowers" – alternatives are removed entirely. One course succeeds another, with the briefest of explanations, including a do-it-yourself soup, plus as much tea as you can hold.

Cheng's ambition

Cheng Looi, who is 33, started life over here as a law student at the Inns of Court. He has ambitions, too, as theatre or film producer, but adds wistfully: "That is not so much a calling for an Oriental person." His seems the ideal character for a restaurateur, for he says: "I enjoy food. I really enjoy it. It is one of my greatest enjoyments in life. My wife is always telling me about it." (She is also Chinese, an Aberdeen-trained doctor, and a great Scottish nationalist.)

He became very concerned when I suggested that the usual set dinner (28s a head, including tea) is perhaps too dainty for a hungry man. "Do you think not? People have said this. Then we shall increase the rice," he decided. He is still torn between sticking to the Lantern House as it is, and opening a whole series of Chinese Lanterns each with a different menu. "But I fear that economically it is not practical, even though we would be able to buy cheaper."

Doreena Yeo prepares a dish of abalone (shell-fish), with chicken, bamboo shoots and Chinese peas.

Whatever Cheng Looi does, however, I forecast that he will remain a charming (if invisible) restaurateur. Listen to him:

"The kind of restaurant I run is the kind I would like to dine in myself. Running a restaurant, or eating at one, should be like a theatre performance – such great fun."

● Geoffrey Casson, who runs the Barque & Bite, has just opened a bistro in Hampstead, punningly called Ah! Bistro. The idea, he tells me, is to provide "well-cooked and interesting meals at realistic prices." Ah! Bistro, don't they all! But there seems to be hope indeed for this one. The menu will change daily, and will mainly be French Provençal cuisine with Basque overtones, and *plats du jour* the rule rather than the exception. A three-course meal, priced according to the main course selected, will cost around 15s to £1, including a glass of wine.

It's a small place, seating 35 to 40, with simple décor. Casson declares his intention to avoid exaggerated and gimmicky décor – often a substitute for uninspired food. He can say that again, naming no Irish names, of course. I shall be testing the Ah! Bistro personally later this month, but in the meantime for do-it-yourselfers, the address is 66 Heath Street, Hampstead, NW3. Telephone: SWI 6565.

arthur pottersman

LONDON CHOICE

BARON OF BEEF, English, Gutter Lane, Gresham Street, EC2 (MON 6961). Mon-Fri 12-3 and 5.30-9.30 (last orders, but licensed to 11.) Smack in the middle of the City, and the eating is first-rate. No credit cards, but private accounts can be arranged

BARQUE & BITE, French, opposite 15 Prince Albert Road, NW1 (GUL 8137). Open daily 12-3, and 7-11.30. Well worth walking the plank for this restaurant on a barge. Lovely French cooking. Vegetables worth a mention, good coffee, good carafe wine. Average bill for two, £4 plus. No credit cards

BLOOMS, Kosher, 90 Whitechapel High Street, E1 (BIS 6001) and Golders Green Road, NW11 (SPE 1338). Mon-Thurs 11 am-10 pm, Fri 11 am-3 pm. Sun 11 am-11.30 pm. Only the Whitechapel place accepts reservations, which are advisable on Sundays. It's as well to take a really late lunch at Golders Green, to avoid queueing. Average bill for two 35s. No credit cards

CAPRICE, French. Arlington Street, W1. (HYD 3183/5154 Mon-Sat 12.30-3 and 6.30 onwards (last orders 11.45). Three-course *table d'hôte* lunch is 29s 6d and dinner 39s 6d. All the food is delicious-principle is, everything a speciality. Average bill for two 25 10s upwards. CREDIT CARDS: Eurocard

CRANKS SALAD TABLE vegetarian, 22 Carnaby Street W1 (GER 9431). Every day from 12-3 and 6 (Sun 6.30)-11.30. Austere seating to match the food, but friendly girls in blue serve with smiles. Unobtrusive piped classical music. Bill about 13s

EMPRESS, International, 1 Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 6126). Sun-Fri 12.30-3, and 6.30-2 am. Sat 6.30-2 am. Very luxurious, very smooth service, with vast, wide ranging menu. Famous cold buffet. Large and expensive wine list. Don't expect to pay less than £7 for two. CREDIT CARDS: *American Express, Diners*

HUNTING LODGE, English, 16 Lower Regent Street, SW1 (WHI 4222). Mon-Sat 12.30-3 and 6.30-12. Old-Englysshe-style (muzzle loaders and gas jets); very expensive, very good. Minimum charges, lunch 25s, dinner 35s. After that it's up to you. CREDIT CARDS: *American Express, Diners*

TERRASSE TIO PEPE, French, 13 Shepherd's Place, Upper Brook Street W1 (MAY 7892). Mon-Sat 12-3 and 7-12. First-rate French cuisine, whose specialities change from week to week. Expect to pay around £4 for two. CREDIT CARDS: *American Express, Diners*

WHEELERS, French, 19 Old Compton Street, W1 (GER 7611). Fish only. Mon-Sat 12.30-2.30, 6-10.45. Oyster bar 11.30-3, 5.30-11 You can eat here jolly well for £1 a head, including as much bread and butter and coffee as you want, but average bill for two should be rated from £3-£5, as you please. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners;* also their own accounts

WHITE TOWER, Greek, 1 Percy Street W1 (MUS 8141). Mon-Sat 12.45-3, 6.45-10.30. Diplomats, writers, film people love it. I've enjoyed everything one time or another from the warm and efficient service to the superb wine. Average bill for two £5-£6. CREDIT CARDS: *Diners, American Express*

NIGHT OUT

It must be a very sophisticated reflection on London that so many minority groups are catered for with their own, special clubs. Although businessmen are the largest single group and consequently have the largest, most splendid premises, there are in existence clubs which exist for smaller groups. I know of one for pilots, one for undersea divers, one for cartoonists, and there is already one in existence for racing-car drivers – the Steering Wheel Club in Mayfair.

A relaxed and comfortable sort of place, it's decorated in the style of fast-disappearing luxury with a bar and a small restaurant and a predictable sprinkling of racing types. They are not all drivers but a selection of other people who make up the world of fast cars. I should also add by way of discouragement, the girls who go to the club should never be automatically considered fast.

The girls I saw at a new motor-racing club the other night were certainly dressed for speed, all of them wearing waitress uniforms of pale blue racing overalls, of the type more normally seen behind a wheel. The club is called the Starting Grid, and can be found in a basement near Paddington Station. I can never understand why so many clubs start life in basements, but I suppose its cheaper than life on the upper floors.

The New Casanova club at 52 Grosvenor Street, has taken over the ground floor restaurant and bar there.

Everywhere I looked there was a well-known motoring face. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu was there; Stirling Moss, Raymond Baxter, Innes Ireland, whom I regard as the last of the racing "characters," and Keith St John, still walking around on sticks after a recent "incident" on the track.

Comparisons are always a little unfair, but I really feel the Starting Grid Club has a long way to go before it attracts the more devout enthusiasts away from the Steering Wheel.

Still within the confines of Paddington there is another, rather noisier, new club. It's called Count Suckle's Cue Club. I promise you, that's the real name. The club is beneath the Classic Cinema in Praed Street, and, if you didn't happen to notice the cinema above, you would soon realise once downstairs, for the roof slopes in a faithful reproduction of the cinema floor above. The décor is pink throughout, the hours extend until 4 am, and the music is soul. Recent artists there have been Ben E King and Fat Boy Stewart.

john viner

SPECTACULARS & CABARETS

EDMUNDO ROS' CLUB, 177 Regent Street, W1 (REG 7675 & 2640). 8.30 pm-3 am. Cabaret at 1 am. Annual membership 1 guinea. Cover charge 30s per head after 11 pm. Full *à la carte* menu, about £2 per head, plus wine. *Entertainment:* El Trio de Paraguayos with Digno Garcia

L'HIRONDELLE, Swallow Street, Piccadilly, W1 (REG 0362). 6 pm-4 am. Lunch midday-3 pm. Shows at 2 pm, 10.30 pm and 1.30 am. Three-course dinner, dance and show 55s (£3 Saturdays). Wine about £2-£2 10s; whisky 4s 6d a measure. *Entertainment:* Jennie Lee, The Duo Uskudar

MEXICAN ROOM, El Sombrero, 142/144 Kensington High Street, W8 (WES 0572). 8 pm-2 am. Closed Sundays. *A la carte* menu only, from 6s-30s. Cover charge 10s 6d. Wines from 18s 6d-35s. Whisky 4s 6d. Service charge 10 per cent. Dancing 8 pm-1 am to El Sombrero Trio. Licensed till 2 am

YOUNG'S, 13/15 West Street, WC2 (TEM 2322). Ground floor: Midday-midnight daily; midday-11 pm Sundays. Dancing floor 8 pm-2 am excluding Sundays. Prices: Ground floor 15s *table d'hôte* and from 15s *à la carte*. Dancing floor 30s minimum. Drinks: Whisky 3s, wines from £1 *Entertainment:* Dancing to three-piece band, starting at 8 pm. Cabaret Mon-Fri 10 pm and midnight. Sat 10 pm, 11.30 pm and 1 am

DINNER & DANCE

BEACHCOMBER, Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 7777). 5.30 pm-1.30 am. Minimum charge 30s per head in the restaurant. No entrance fee to bar. Dinner 6.30 pm-midnight, average £2-£2 10s per head. Cocktails from 7s. Wines from 21s-£3. *Entertainment:* Three bands from 8 pm-1.30 am with vocalists

CANDLELIGHT CLUB, 3 Green Street, Grosvenor Square, W1 (GRO 5753). Mon-Fri 8.30 pm-4 am; Sun 8.30 pm-3.30 am. Closed Saturdays. Dinner, *à la carte* only, as many courses as you wish for 79s 6d (excluding wines). Drinks: Whisky 12s 6d double; wines from 30s. Cover charge 1 guinea. Service charge 15 per cent. Dancing to Allan Comyns at the piano. Discothèque. Licensed till 3.30 am

CASANOVA, 52 Grosvenor Street, W1 (MAY 1197). Midday-3 pm lunch. Cover charge 1s 6d. Set four-course lunch 18s 6d. Bar open 6 pm-11 pm. Dinner 7.30 pm-1 am. Cover charge 2s 6d. Food *à la carte* approximately 25s per head plus wine. Membership 2 guineas. Music for dancing and discothèque

GATTOPARDO, 29a James Street, W1 (WEL 4689). Midday-3 pm lunch. Approximately 30s per head including wine. 7 pm-3 am dinner. Approximately 50s per head including cover charge and wine. Closed Sundays. No service charge. Dancing till 3 am to Frank Holder's music. Licensed till 3 am

GAMING

FIVE HUNDRED SPORTING CLUB, 42 Albemarle Street, W1 (HYD 0287). Open 24 hours. Membership 1 guinea. Luxurious intimate atmosphere. French roulette, blackjack, chemin de fer, poker. Stakes vary from 2s 6d-£50. Racing facilities. Restaurant for inexpensive meals. Licensed till midnight

HAMILTON CLUB, 2 Hamilton Place, W1 (GRO 2591). Open 24 hours but bridge starts about 2 pm. Annual membership 8 guineas. Mainly bridge, but some poker is played. Minimum stakes 1s, maximum 10s. Bar with normal licensing hours. Light food available, but also a proper restaurant. Lunch 11s, dinner 12s 6d excluding wines

NEW CASANOVA, 52 Grosvenor Street, W1 (MAY 1463). Opens 10 pm. Annual membership 2 guineas. Backgammon, blackjack, roulette and chemin de fer and craps table. Minimum stake 5s. Restaurant at average prices, open till midnight

SPORTING CLUB KNIGHTSBRIDGE, 163 Knightsbridge, SW7 (KNI 4252). Club opens 2 pm and closes 3 am or later, depending on the state of play. Bar with normal licensing hours. Annual membership 3 guineas. Blackjack, chemin de fer, American roulette, American dice, baccarat, à Cheval, roulette. Stakes vary. Restaurant opens 7 pm, breakfast from 1 am. Lunch 12.30 pm-3 pm (bar open) 21s for three-course meal

DISCOTHEQUES

CLUB CONCORDE, 37/39 Oxford Street, W1 (GER 7945). 7.30 pm-midnight every night except Monday. Annual membership 10s men, 5s ladies. Entrance fee from 3s 6d-8s 6d. No food, popular bar prices. *Entertainment:* Discothèque dancing, roulette

DOWNSTAIRS, May Fair Hotel, Berkeley Street, W1 (MAY 7777). 10.30 pm-2.30 am. No membership. Entrance 10s (£1 Saturdays). Includes free snacks, sandwiches, etc. Double whisky, 7s, gin 6s 6d, champagne £2 5s per bottle. *Entertainment:* Three bands

LE KILT, 60 Greek Street, W1 (GER 5576). 8 pm-3 am nightly. Three-monthly membership £1 men, 10s ladies. Entrance fees: 7s 6d men; ladies free Mon-Thurs, 7s 6d Fri-Sun. Light meals at approximately 10s per head. Drinks at pub prices. *Entertainment:* Dancing to discs and some live groups. Gaming: boule, 2s 6d minimum

PUBS

THE DOVE, 19 Upper Mall, Hammersmith, W6. RIV 5405. Commendable Thames-side pub, dating from the early 1700s, it has frequently commanded the attention of writers and painters. Service is admirable, and drinking on the terrace overlooking the river is a guaranteed attraction

LAMB AND FLAG, 24 James Street, W1. MAY 1533. One of King Richard's crusade emblems was the lamb and flag, and one or two heraldic devices can be seen about the bar. Quiet, cool and incredibly clean, with a large range of snacks at the bar, and a reasonably priced restaurant upstairs

OLD RED LION, 72 High Holborn, WC1. HOL 1748. Office people call at lunchtime, for drinks in the bar, or a meal in the upstairs dining room. At this time of day, it is a typical, busy town pub. But in the evening, it is a real local with a cathedral hush only broken by the rustling of evening papers

RED LION, 1 Waverton Street, W1. GRO 1307. In a quiet Mayfair street, it's a delightful "backwater" pub, yet invariably well-filled. The pub is half-timbered and almost rural, the atmosphere is friendly, and the ladies who serve rival the debs for looks

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DAY OUT

PLACES OF INTEREST

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, SW1. The London home of Her Majesty the Queen. When she is in residence the Royal Standard flies from the mast. The Changing of the Guard takes place daily at 11.30. Tube: Green Park, St James's Park, Victoria

KEW GARDENS, Kew. Beautiful park and gardens by the Thames. The glasshouses contain many rare plants and trees, at all climates. There are also four museums within the grounds. Admission 3d. 10 am-8 pm or sunset. Glasshouses 1 pm-4.50 pm M-F, until 5.50 pm Sun. Closed Christmas Day. Tube: Kew Gardens

LONDON PLANETARIUM, Marylebone Road, NW1. Guided tour of the sky at night, past, present and future. Every hour. M-Sat 11 am to 6.30 pm. Sun 1.45 pm-6.30 pm. Admission 4s 6d, children 2s 6d. Tube: Baker Street

MADAME TUSSAUD'S, Marylebone Road, NW1. The famous and the infamous in wax. M-Sun 10 am-7 pm. September-March M-F 10 am-6 pm. Sat & Sun 10 am-7 pm. Adults 6s, children 3s. Tube: Baker Street

SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL, London Bridge, SE1. Gothic cathedral comparable in architectual magnificence to Westminster Abbey. Tube: London Bridge

STOCK EXCHANGE, Throgmorton Street, EC2. Guides are in attendance to show the working of the Exchange. Public Gallery: M-F 10 am-3.15 pm

SPORT

RACING

Ascot Heath. Fri, Sat. (Trains from Waterloo to Ascot station. Green Line coach 701. By road take A329). Saturday provides best day's racing for some time with King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes. 1½ miles. Best three-year-olds meet the best of the older horses

Windsor. Mon. (Trains from Waterloo or Paddington. By road M4 spur leads to course. For jet set it's 15 minutes from London airport.). Good bet for tourists with River Thames and Windsor Castle adjacent

GREYHOUND RACING

Wimbledon. Fri, Wed: 7.45 pm. (Trains Waterloo-Earlsfield or Wimbledon. District Line to Wimbledon. Buses: 44, 77, 77a, 189, 220, 285). Good restaurant. Tel: WIM 5361

White City. Sat, Thurs: 7.45 pm. (Central Line to White City). Good restaurant. Tel. SHE 5544

Wembley. Mon, Fri: 7.45 pm (Bakerloo or Metropolitan Lines to Wembley Park). Good restaurant and cocktail bar. Tel. WEM 1234

MOTOR RACING

British Grand Prix. Brands Hatch. Racing all day Saturday. (Trains from Victoria to Swanley. By road A20)

CRICKET

Middlesex v Essex. Lord's, St John's Wood. Sat, Mon, Tues: 11.30 am each day. (Bakerloo Line to St John's Wood. Buses: 2, 2a, 13, 59a, 74, 74a, 74b, 113, 159, 187)

Rugby v Marlborough. Lord's, St John's Wood. Wed, Thurs: 11 am each day

The Pagoda at Kew Gardens was built in 1762, and designed by Sir William Chambers. Originally each of its eight roofs had 10 stone dragons on it. In 1941 it withstood the nearby explosions of seven bombs.

Surrey v West Indies. The Oval. Wed, Thurs: 11.30 am each day. (Northern Line to Oval)

WORLD CUP SOCCER

Mexico v England. Wembley Stadium. Sat: 7.30 pm. (Bakerloo or Metropolitan lines to Wembley.)

Mexico v Uruguay. Wembley Stadium. Tues: 4.30 pm

France v England. Wembley Stadium. Wed: 7.30 pm

SPEEDWAY

Wimbledon v Belle Vue. Sat: 7.45 pm. (District Line to Wimbledon then special buses.)

Rye House. Sun: 4.15 pm. Four team tournament. (Trains to Rye House from Loverpool Street)

West Ham v Coventry. West Ham. Tues: 7.45 pm. (District Line to Plaistow then bus)

ARCHERY

Middlesex open tournament. Sun, all day. GEC sports ground. Preston Road, Wembley. (Bakerloo or Metropolitan Lines to Wembley Park)

KART RACING

National Kart races. Brands Hatch. Sun 2.30 pm

LONDON AT LUNCH

THURS 14 JULY

Band of the Welsh Guards, St Paul's Cathedral Steps. Midday

Lunch Hour, one-act play by John Mortimer, Quipu Lunchtime Theatre Club, Arts Theatre, Great Newport Street, WC2. 12.15 & 1.15 (also Friday)

St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. 1.5 pm

Worshipful Company of Drapers' Election Service, St Michael, Cornhill. Midday

FRI 15 JULY

Band of the London Fire Brigade, Paternoster Square, St Pauls. Midday-2 pm

Unknown London, illustrated talk by Dr Gordon Huelin, St Margaret Pattens, Eastcheap. 1.10 pm

MON 18 JULY

Hi-fi music recital, All Hallows Berkyngechirche-by-the-Tower. 1 pm

A Resounding Tinkle, one-act play by N F Simpson, Quipu Lunchtime Theatre Club, Arts Theatre, Gt Newport Street, WC2. 12.15 & 1.15 pm (also Tues & Wed)

TUES 19 JULY

Band of the Royal Horse Guards, Paternoster Square, St Paul's Cathedral. Midday-2 pm

St Peter's mid-week choir, St Peter-upon-Cornhill. 12.30 pm

Lunchtime dialogue between the Rector and Wynford Vaughan Thomas, St Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside. 1.5 pm

WED 20 JULY

Special service, attended by members of the Company of Watermen and Lightermen, St Mary-at-Hill, Eastcheap. Midday

Band of the Honourable Artillery Company, Finsbury Circus Gardens. Midday-2 pm

MUSIC IN PARKS

BATTERSEA PARK

Sat: London Schools Jazz Orchestra. 7.30 pm

Sun: Isy Geiger's Viennese Concert Orchestra. 3 pm. Rushden Temperance Band. 7.30 pm

COURT THEATRE, HOLLAND PARK

Th-Sat: The Royal Ballet School. Th & F: 7.30. Sat: 2.30, 7.30

KENWOOD

Sat (Lakeside): Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra. Conductor: Rudolph Schwarz. 8.0

Sun (The Iveagh Bequest): Dennis Brain Wind Ensemble. 7.30

PARLIAMENT HILL

Sun: Scots Light Orchestra. 3.0

Wed: Country dancing. 7.30 pm

VICTORIA EMBANKMENT GARDENS

Th-Sat: Romeo Berti's Mededeff Balalaika Orchestra (with dancers). Th & F: 12.30 & 7.3 pm. Sat: 3.0 & 7.30 pm

LECTURES

GEOLOGICAL MUSEUM, Exhibition Road, South Kensington SW7.

Th 14 July: geology in your holidays. 3 pm

Sat 16 July: *The Cliffs are Red* and *The Chemistry of Aluminium* (films). 3 pm

Tues 19 July: the coast from Kent to Cornwall. 3 pm

Wed 20 July: a geological walk to Hyde Park (1 mile). 3 pm

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, Cromwell Road, SW7. Th 14 July: wildlife in danger. 3 pm

F 15 July: the earth's crust. 3 pm

Sat 16 July: volcanoes. 3 pm

Mon 18 July: toadstools. 3 pm

Tues 19 July: penguins. 3 pm

Wed 20 July: locusts. 3 pm

TATE GALLERY, Millbank, SW1. Th 14 July: the Dutch style in English landscape. 3 pm

Sat 16 July: vorticism in its context. 3 pm

Tues 19 July: Hockney "The First Marriage." 1 pm. English figuration. 3 pm

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM, SW7. Th 14 July: the grand tour. 1.15 pm

F 15 July: themes in ornament: 1, the human figure. 1.15 pm

Sat 16 July: the Raphael cartoons. 3 pm

Tues 19 July: the Humanist attitude. 1.15 pm

Wed 20 July: Gothic art: 1, France. 1.15 pm

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL *continued*

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PERSONAL *continued*

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BILLY WRIGHT

Fireworks at Wembley?

Reporting the World Cup exclusively for *London Life*, BILLY WRIGHT discusses this week the problems of the referees, the reactions of the crowds, and the future of the game. His advice: don't argue with the referee, particularly if he doesn't speak a word of your language; cheer like mad for your side, but don't throw fireworks like they do in South America; and, for players and managers, go for goals, goals and more goals – even if it means letting one or two in . . . because goals are what the crowds want to see.

WELL, it's too late now – too late for a player to find his best form in time to be chosen for his country's party, too late for a manager to invent a brand-new strategy, too late for me to alter the forecast I made last week, and too late, in many cases, to get a seat for the most popular matches. The World Cup final rounds are under way, and by the middle of next week we will know just which eight sides are in the quarter-finals.

In the last few days before the games began, we had a number of clues to the form and morale of the various sides. Far and away the most encouraging of these was England's triumphant tour, in which our forwards scored 12 goals, while our defence conceded only one. Nothing could possibly give Alf Ramsey and his players a better send-off for the real thing than to start the World Cup games while on a winning streak like that. Certainly it looks as though England's morale is sky-high, just as Mexico's must be rather low after their less than inspiring pre-Cup games. Any warm-up matches of this sort must be a gamble – a gamble with both the fitness and the morale of the team. Ramsey's gamble came off, those of some other countries didn't.

Shop window

Now the Cup proper is on, there are a number of points to be watched. Not only, as I said last week, should one try to assess the tactics of each nation, and evaluate the strength of their players, but it is pretty important to note how the referees and the crowds behave. These football games are going to have a bigger audience than any others ever played: it is the greatest shop-window the sport has had. Millions of people all over the world could easily be influenced for or against playing and watching the game by what happens here in the next couple of weeks.

In the circumstances, I am absolutely delighted that FIFA, through its President, Sir Stanley Rous, has made its views on sportsmanship and refereeing quite clear. The FIFA line is the toughest ever: players who get in serious trouble can expect instant and serious punishment. A side which really disgraces itself will be sent straight back home – a national humiliation which I cannot see any team risking, whatever the temptations and provocations of a needle match.

Hard job

The officials, referees and linesmen, have, of course, a fantastically hard job to do. In many, if not all, cases, the referee is unlikely to speak the language of at least one of the two sides. This means quite simply that, to avoid any rows, the referee has just got to make his ruling, and take no argument from anybody at all – in any language. Imagine the row, if an English-speaking referee listened to complaints from the English side, but had to ignore those of, say, the Mexican captain because he had no Spanish. Clearly, the only answer is the text-book one, which ought to rule every game everywhere anyway – the referee's decision is final, and if he is in doubt, his linesmen, not a rabble of angry players, should advise him. What everyone wants to avoid is any repetition of the complete mayhem of the Chile v Italy game in 1962. The two teams meet again this year, and I expect them to conduct themselves with almost exaggerated caution. After that previous battle, the officials will be ready for instant and drastic action at the first sign of Latin temperament.

The rules

Another difficulty for the officials, language apart, is the variation in national understandings of the rules. This is at its most basic over the definition of the fair tackle. England, and, to a slightly lesser extent, the other Northern European sides, West Germany, Russia, Switzerland and, perhaps, France, allow and respect the shoulder-to-shoulder, physical contact tackle – as long as it's the ball, not the man, that's aimed for. The other sides in the tournament regard this kind of tackle as illegal – what we call a hard, clean tackle they call a vicious assault!

To make it worse, the South Americans consider it not only legitimate but a great mark of skill to fend off a challenging player with one's body – what we call obstruction. So that a Brazilian, say, trying to get the ball past an English tackler, will turn his back on the challenge, shielding the ball with his body. You can imagine what trouble this difference in approach can bring: an English crowd will get very upset if they see their players penalised for a shoulder-tackle, or frustrated by an opponent's obstruction. I can't say I envy any official in charge of a game between teams from the two extreme viewpoints.

The crowd is an all-important factor in Cup success. All else apart, footb l will quickly die if people s p paying to see it, and earing about results. An nglish crowd cheers, boos, so etimes throws paper; a Co nental crowd whistles its rision, and sets fire to new apers; a South American crowd, normally walled off giant wire fences, explod fire-works, fires pistol and throws anything. I'm all in favour of enthusiasm on the terraces, but I h e the crowds at the Cup atches don't adopt the worst bits of every continent and ractise them simultaneously. would also like to see the ir reasing tendency of crowds t invade the pitch come to a s rp halt before somebody, p yer or spectator, gets badly rt.

The most fascinati crowd of all will be that at oodison Park, Liverpool. W n they are watching thei home team, Everton, they re only rivalled by their n ghbours at Liverpool for vol me and intensity of suppor When England played Pola d there last year, they g ve the national side the be t cheering it has ever had. I don't think they are just great partisans, though – just true football connoisseurs. Frankly, I wish England were playing there rather than at Wembley. The Wembley crowd is so sophisticated and detached, it somehow never really sounds convincing, even when it cheers. And I can assure any doubters that a player does appreciate and respond to the crowd.

Louder please

In fact, I would like to make a special plea to every England supporter to try and shout the team on just a bit harder than ever before – not only when things are going

Next week, BILLY WRIGHT reports and analyses the first week's games, and forecasts those left to come. © London Life, 1966.

well, but should it look as though England needs a bit of a boost. Playing Scotland at Wembley, I always noticed that the biggest and most inspiring yells came from the tartan-scarved section of the crowd – even though they were outnumbered by the English supporters.

Concede nothing

Still, however the crowds behave, the game belongs to them. And this whole World Cup could make an immense difference to the future strength of the game. Nothing drives spectators away quicker, by and large, than goal-starvation: I remember vividly that in 1958, when England fought a fascinating tactical draw, 0 – 0, with Brazil, the crowd slipped away before the end. Yet, when in the final Brazil outclassed Sweden 5 – 2, there was plenty of good attacking football leading to goals, and the crowd loved it.

Accordingly, I am very pleased that a team of observers, including our own Walter Winterbottom and Ron Greenwood, has been asked to watch the Cup games – and to report back to FIFA with ideas for opening up the game. Because there is no doubt that most sides nowadays play to concede nothing, rather than gain everything. Funnily enough, although the Italians started this trend in their League, their national side is moving away from it, and may well inspire the League sides to follow. It is a little ridiculous when a leading goal-scorer in the Italian league can be a man with a bare ten or a dozen goals in a season. In the end it will drive the crowds away.

Attacking game

Brazil, of course, can play the best attacking game in the world: and their strategy is not so tightly based on a concrete defence as is, for example, our own. But then life is made easier for the manager who wants lively football if he has a Pele, Garrincha or Edu about.

Anyway, I can think of nothing designed to strengthen world football more than television carrying into a hundred million homes the sight of Jimmy Greaves smacking in the kind of goals he grabbed against Norway. Let's hope that we see dozens of goals, not just a parsimonious handful, and that a high proportion come from Jimmy, Bobby Charlton and Roger Hunt – whose goal against Poland was one of the best I've seen for a long time.

Size isn't much help against Pele of Brazil, as a Russian found when they last met.

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London Letters

Let down

What's the biggest let down in London for visitors? Undoubtedly the ever-open Post Office in Trafalgar Square. Last Saturday night I was one of 59 people – mostly foreign visitors – to be served by three counter clerks. After a few minutes one of the clerks said "I'm off!" And off he went, leaving a queue of about 20, who then had to join the ends of the two other queues. One elderly woman with a heavy parcel placed it on the counter and tried to explain that she couldn't queue holding it. It took me exactly 26 minutes to be served and she had made no progress by the time I left.

Even so, the clerks stayed cheerful, as though they could see the funny side of it, and an official moved occasionally along the back of the counter as though all this was normal. I was not alone among the few Londoners present in regarding this whole set-up as a disgrace to London.

Ian Sheldrake,
Egerton Gardens, NW4

Second Chelsea

I entirely agree that Covent Garden has a real chance to become another Chelsea. There are lots of first-class dining places and, above all, it is the theatre area which adds a lot to social life and keeps things swinging. I know one of the flats on top of a warehouse, and I must say that these are absolutely comparable with the studios *sous les toits de Paris*.

Armin Fehle,
1011 Franz Josefs-Kai 47,
Vienna, Austria

Think, Mr Policeman

I parked my car at a traffic meter, put in 6d for 15 minutes, left a two-month-old baby comfortably asleep in a carri-cot on the back seat and dashed off for five minutes to pick up a parcel. When I came out the car had gone . . . to Bow Street police station.

My complaints were listened to in sympathetic silence – and it was p o i n t e d out that I shouldn't have left an infant in an empty car. In answer to my question as to why the police who had towed the car away hadn't just looked inside to see if the baby were safely asleep, I got the reply that the police force were understaffed and had no time to look into cars to see if a child was all right. The meter had another 10 minutes to run – so it was pretty obvious that the owner would be back very soon. I just wish that when the police do act in the so-called interest of the public, they would try and think a little before they did so.

Sheila Baron,
Lyndhurst Road, NW3

London Letters – happy ending department

Once upon a time there was a rather large and very jolly comedian named Harry Secombe who had one great void in his life – he couldn't get that crispy bacon that he remembered from pre-war days. Unable to face a tasteless future, he wrote to *London Life* (18 June issue) and poured out the whole story.

Hearing of Harry's plight, the County Quality Bacon Federation rushed to the rescue with a side of best crispy bacon. A few days later, in Harry's Palladium dressing-room, the bacon (now in rashers) was cooked to a turn. Then (above) came that mouth-watering moment! Harry's verdict? None. He was too busy getting to work on his second rasher. . . .

Resident American

For any ambitious or aspiring American, London is the perfect place to start a career – to work up from rock bottom. People are more than willing to give you that all-important first chance; no one asks for a list of degrees first.

It wouldn't be fair to say that is my only reason for staying. For all the reasons one would need a book with more pages than streets in London; then it could never capture the elusive essence that is London. Dr Johnson says it best: "When one is tired of London, one is tired of life."

Ann Marie Ruotolo,
Craven Hill, W2

Honest

I don't know why or how it is, but I am delighted, as a New Yorker, to discover that Londoners are not only courteous, they are honest. I have not, to my knowledge, been swindled in the four weeks I have been wandering naïvely round your city. I am so used to being "had" in restaurants, taxis and hotels all over Europe, that I have given up trying to defend myself. I have two more weeks to go, and I desperately hope that I will not be proved wrong.

Dan Chamberlin,
Green Street, W1

Alive or dead?

Nobody has been able to tell me why, when I buy yoghurt, I always buy "live" Yoghurt. I know it is live, because it says so on the pack. But what makes it so?

Francis Loney,
Jermyn Street, SW1

Milk-o!

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Frank Hardie,
Harrow Road, W10

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